

The TATLER

Vol. CXVIII. No. 1529.

London, October 15, 1930

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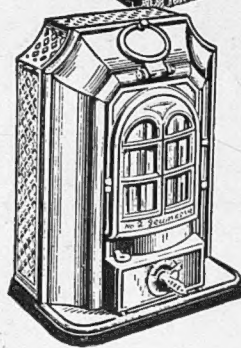
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Price One Shilling



NECK AND NECK FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

GORDON RICHARDS AND FREDDIE FOX

The exciting fight for the jockey championship has reached an acute stage, with Freddie Fox holding a very slight lead at the time of going to press, and it is anyone's game between now and November 22, when the Manchester November Handicap brings the flat-racing season to an end. On the first day of Chepstow, when Fox was leading by one, Richards drew level, but Fox rode two winners, again putting himself in front. On the second day Richards rode a winner, and Fox failed to score; and so it goes on—a neck and neck struggle



A FAMOUS CRICKETING FOURSOME

Balmain

Lord Hawke (Eton, Cambridge, Yorkshire, England), and still the greatest figure in English cricket to-day, Sir Francis Lacey (Sherborne, Cambridge, Hants, and also Soccer, Cambridge), who became secretary to the M.C.C. in 1898, Lady Lacey, and the Hon. Julian Hawke, who is Lord Hawke's younger brother, an old Etonian and a former director of the Bombay Co., Ltd.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—One feels almost ashamed to write of the comparative littleness of every day in face of the great tragedy which has made our hearts so sad. But life must go on, though we shall not forget those forty-eight brave spirits who died on England's service.

Miss Betty Hotham's wedding suggests itself as a noteworthy event with which to open this week's chronicle. As the marriage was a "mixed" one, Lieut. - Commander Colin Hugh Smith being a Catholic, the service was quite short, and had, with its absence of hymns, a certain solemn severity. The bride's soft ivory-satin frock suited her admirably, and she had selected a most fascinating young person to help steer her train, namely, Miss Miriam Fitzalan - Howard. Sharing the latter's duties was Walter Godsall, whose expression registered complete resignation to a rôle which he has already fulfilled four times in his very short life.

Any number of representatives of Miss Hotham's home county, Yorkshire, were present, among them charming Baroness Beaumont, who was keeping a motherly eye on Miriam. The Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, Mrs. Micklethwait and her tall husband, Mrs. Strickland Constable, and Mrs. Hall Watt were other East Riding lights. To the sorrow of that locality, this term no longer properly applies to Mrs. Hall Watt, for she and her husband have sold Bishop Burton Hall and have migrated to Northumberland, where Mr. Hall Watt is now in command of the Percy Hounds.

Miss Juliet Gurney, decorative as usual, was another who had brought her good wishes in person to St. James', Spanish



LADY MURIEL LIDDELL-GRAINGER AND HER SON

Miss Compton Collier

Lady Muriel Liddell-Grainger, who is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lindsey, was married to Captain Liddell-Grainger in 1922. Captain Liddell-Grainger's seat is Ayton Castle, Berwickshire

The Letters of Eve



Bertram Park

JAN SMETERLIN

The famous pianist who makes his début in America at New York Carnegie Hall on October 29. He will play in Boston, Chicago, and tour the Middle West until Christmas. At his last appearance in Stockholm he had 15,000 people at his concert. Jan Smeterlin is booked for tours in England, Holland, Germany, Scandinavia, France, and Spain during the second half of the season

Place, and Mrs. Henry Fitzalan-Howard had a sister, Miss Ursula Langdale, among the six bridesmaids. Miss Wendy Whitworth, who was also in attendance on Lord Hotham's sister and looking quite lovely, is a very popular young woman in Yorkshire, and will be missed when she and her father go to Egypt, which they intend to do quite soon.

The Owen Hugh Smiths lent their most attractive house in Charles Street for the reception, and Hampshire first and then the Italian Lakes were the honeymoon plans. Subsequently the young couple will settle temporarily in a furnished house in Eaton Terrace, which they have taken for the winter.

While I was attending the afore-mentioned wedding, my willing and well-trained scuttl was busy at the other end of London observing the tennis giants at play on the Melbury Club's very excellent hard courts. She reports that among the goodly company gathered to watch were Mrs. Carl Bendix, Sir Egerton and Lady Hammond - Graeme,

and Miss Thelma Cazalet, and that everyone was handing congratulatory "bouquets" to Miss Betty Nuthall for reversing the more usual result of contests with America. Other driving forces in the exhibition matches included Mrs. Lycett and her brother, "Bunny," Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall, easier to look at than ever, Dr. Spence, and Miss Gwen Sterry.



LADY GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY IN HER STUDIO

Lady George Cholmondeley, who was formerly Miss Ina Pelly, draws and paints beautiful designs for furniture, and is here seen hard at work. Lord George Cholmondeley is a brother of the Marquess of Cholmondeley

president. When H.R.H. appealed three years ago for gifts of land and money the King was one of the first to respond, graciously handing over two of the royal paddocks at Hampton Wick for recreation grounds. Since then 550 playing-fields have been given, but what are these among so many thousands of young Britons who are longing for a chance to spread themselves at games? Just see what you can do about it, my dear, among your rich friends.

The Stirling Ball usually marks the end of the authentic Scottish entertaining season. An echo of this year's celebrations reaches me rather late but none the less instinct with activity. "Not quite so crowded as usual" is the report, but all the same quantities of people gathered, and those who came to dance and not to prey on the supper rejoiced in the reasonable foot-space allowed.

As always, there was a grand sprinkling of kilts and uniform. The women who have to depend on a tartan sash for making a Highland fling are greatly at a disadvantage, and the modern evening dress does not help at all in cutting a "reel" dash.

The green Archers' coats possess a lot of quiet charm, but nothing could surpass the glory of the contingent of Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders which came from Stirling Castle, the dépôt of the regiment. Of these, Captain Jim Cunningham featured conspicuously; you would never look for grass beneath his feet, they being of a very nimble nature. Captain and Mrs. Buchanan and Captain and Mrs. Alistair Campbell were others from the same source. I must apologise for having confused the latter with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jim Campbell, in a previous letter. It was awfully stupid, but do you know how sometimes one gets rooted ideas about people and mixes them up in spite of oneself? With two such definite personalities there is, however, no excuse.

The good cause of this concentration was the London and Greater London Playing Fields Fund, a lusty offspring of the National Playing Fields Association.

Founded to provide happy play in their own particular grassy places for the rising generation not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, this undertaking has the Duke of York as

Sir George Stirling of Glorat deserves a paragraph all to himself; not only for his appearance, glorious in Archer's green coat and rows of medals, but particularly for his dancing of the polka at 4 a.m. This was a tremendous feat, executed with a dash and inspiration (I nearly said respiration, which was almost as important) that put everyone else to shame. He gave the impression that grey heads can grow not only on green shoulders but on green legs. Lady Stirling was with him, though not to the extent of the polka! Her grey hair and brown eyes combine to make a most attractive result, which is also achieved by her dark-haired sister, Miss Nancy Sprot, who was there in a very good-looking white dress. Their father, the late Sir Alexander Sprot, was M.P. for Lanark for many years, and a magnificent example of British die-hardihood.

Lady Younger brought a large party of young people from Leckie, including her debutante daughter, Elizabeth. Another wearer of white was Mrs. Alistair Euing Crawford, but the palm undoubtedly should go to the member of



MISS M. SYKES

Anning

In the Réjane model gown she will wear at the Amateur Mannequin Parade at Harrogate on October 18, which is being organized in aid of the Harrogate Hospital Maternity Ward

the Younger clan who wore emerald-green gloves. Major Archibald Stirling was inundated with congratulations on his recent acquisition of a son and was constantly being asked whether the baby was of Stirling value.

Although the marriage of Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart to Lord Tiverton escaped the mention it deserved in these pages, a description of the setting may appeal to you as it did to me. It conjures up a lovely vision.

Falkland Palace is a dream of a place, lying below the Lomond Hills in Fife, built at a time when architecture had become rather more genial in Scotland. Two lovely towers, flanking the gateway, greet you on arrival. These towers have great escutcheons upon them, painted and gilt; one is reminded of Chaumont save that the building is of soft grey Scottish stone instead of the marvellous white of French masonry. Inside the courtyard the façade of the Palace is decorated with portrait medallions mainly of the Guise family, done by a contemporary sculptor-mason from France.

Lunching one day at the Ritz I found that the table decorations consisted almost entirely of familiar faces. I do not intend to imply that a wholesale decapitation of London's habitués had taken place, but merely that one good look deserved another. Lord Wimborne was at the corner table near the door with Viscomtesse de Janzé, the one who was

(Continued on p. 100)



AT CHEPSTOW: THE HON. MRS. BEVAN AND MISS GWYER

At Chepstow on the day when the hectic duel between Freddie Fox and Gordon Richards was carried a bit further. Fox got ahead again, but November is still a bit of a way off and much may happen!

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Miss Phyllis Boyd, and who surely possesses the world's prize eyes. Close by was Lady Furness, looking quite marvellous, with her eighteen-year-old stepson Christopher.

My vision also focussed on Miss Margaret Whigham, in an excellently cut tweed of strawberry persuasion, Mrs. Jack Feilden, Lady Blandford, and Mrs. Julie Thompson, who was extolling the merits of a new cold cure and, taken at her face value, was an excellent advertisement. Last, but not least, was Mrs. Jim Robertson, with whose name the adjective "lovely" is almost invariably coupled, wearing with complete success one of the close-fitting knitted silk caps, in which so few people look their best.

* * *

Mrs Robertson told me that she has given up the idea of leaving her delightful house in Seymour Street, which at one time belonged to Mrs. Marshall Field, for the good reason that she cannot find anything which suits her so well. Her daughter Patricia was with her. Both of them share the rather unusual gift of being able to whistle in the most delicious manner—so well in fact that if times took a turn for the worse they should find no difficulty in staging their joint talent.

Miss Olga Lynn, who was with them at the Ritz, is very full of the pageant she is organizing for the Jewels of Empire Ball due on the 26th of next month at the Park Lane Hotel. There is a utilitarian advantage about this which should appeal to all the beauties who are taking part.

The members of each group of jewels are to wear the most modern of dresses, for which they have only to pay for the velvet while the dressmakers make them up for nothing. Therefore the charity benefits by the price of the velvet, which has all been given, the performers get a new dress for less than half price, the London jewellers and dressmakers show how successfully they can compete with Paris, and everyone is happy. The charity is the Enham Village Centre for Disabled Ex-Service Men, and Mrs. Ashley is President of the Ball Committee.

* * *

Hundreds and thousands—do you remember that sweet consolation of your childhood? Well, as Archibald Marshall would say in his enchanting *Simple Stories*, that is what the Savoy Restaurant looks like every evening; a dense mass of multi-coloured units—not a table to be had, no space to dance in, but all the same successions of people clamouring to do the impossible.

Mid-week nights are of course most illustrative of this popular congestion. The one of which I write could contribute masses of important people gazing entranced at the feats and hands of



IN AMERICA: M. AND MADAME ANDRÉ MAUROIS

The celebrated French author and his wife caught by the camera on their arrival in New York in the S.S. "Ile de France." M. Maurois will occupy the chair of French literature at Princeton University during his somewhat extended stay in the States. M. André Maurois, amongst his many literary triumphs, wrote "Ariel, or The Life of Shelley," "The Life of Disraeli," and "Don Juan, or The Life of Byron."

mauve frock with long sleeves and a little shoulder cape.

The great point of interest, however, was provided by Mr. Ronald Squire whose hitherto unblemished countenance has sprouted a moustache. It also seemed that more weight has been added to his utterances; perhaps his fresh rôle has something to do with it, though I would hardly like to suggest that he has been loafing in his new part.

* * *

But forgive my penchant for the elementary pun and let me explain that Mr. Squire is concerned in *The Breadwinner*,

Somerset Maugham's latest comedy at the Vaudeville.

The night I went to see it I found Lady Diana Cooper, Lady Juliet Duff, and Mr. Michael Herbert also installed among the audience, but I did not think that they, any more than I myself, were as much entertained by it as by his new book, "Cakes and Ale."

* * *

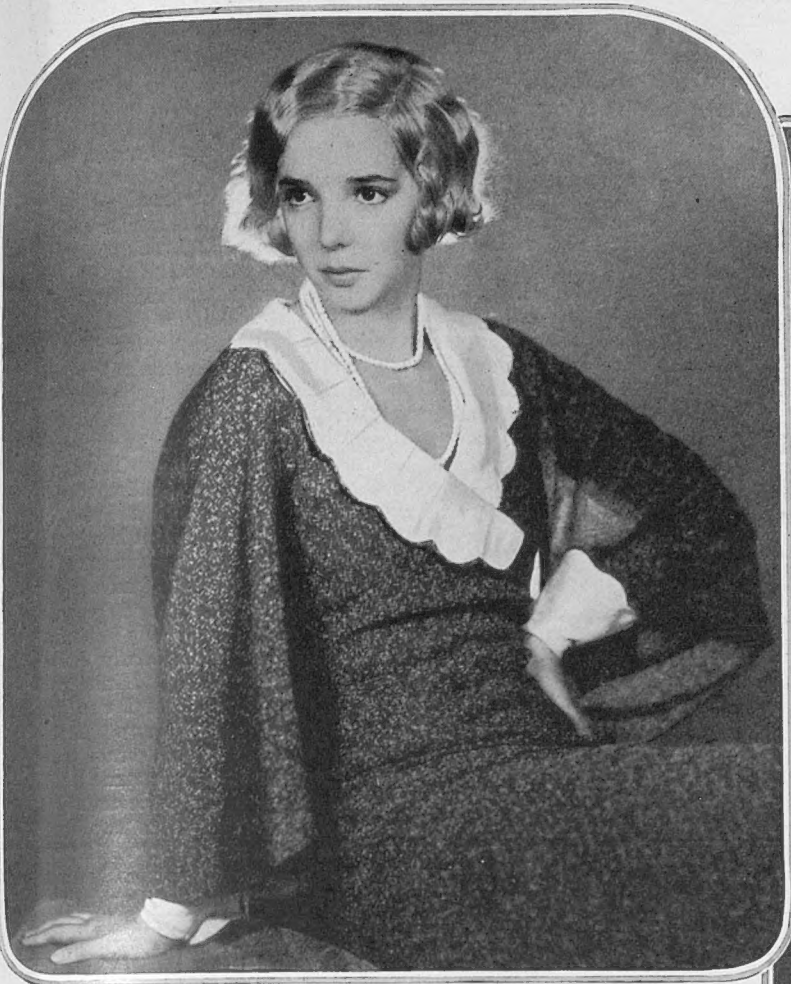
Some people, getting hold of the wrong end of the author's idea, seem to be trying to work up an agitation about his novel, but surely Mr. Maugham should be believed when he says his main figure was not necessarily any author in particular. Anyhow, what does it matter? The chief thing is the brilliant satire on the making of literary reputations. And what a charming idea that when the House of Lords comes to be abolished, a not ungrateful nation, anxious to do the right thing, should hand over the realm of Literature to its members.—As ever, EVE.



AT FONTWELL CHASES: THE HON. MRS. GUY WESTMACOTT, MR. F. E. WITHINGTON, AND CAPTAIN GUY WESTMACOTT

In the paddock last week at the N.H. Meeting at Fontwell where they had a good meeting—excellent going and races well filled. The Hon. Mrs. Guy Westmacott is a sister of Lord St. Oswald and married Captain Guy Westmacott, who was in the Grenadiers, in 1916. Mr. F. E. Withington is the well-known Bicester trainer

ROUND THE THEATRES



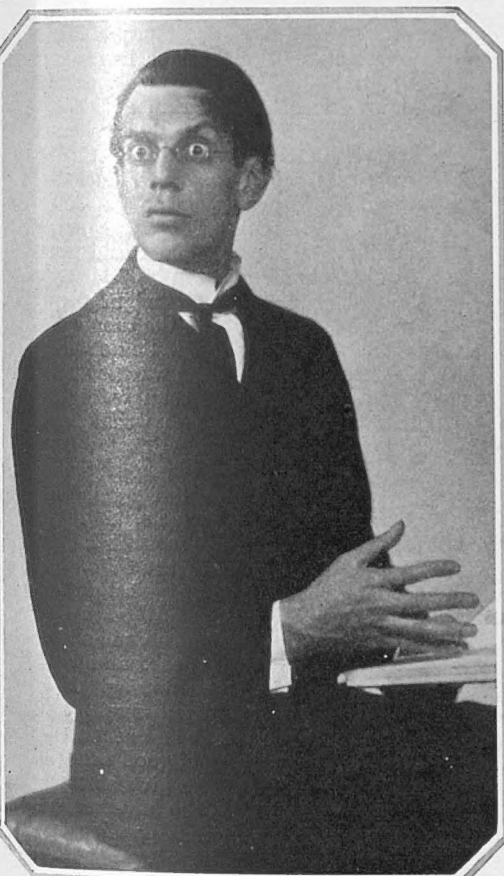
MISS JESSIE MATHEWS IN "EVERGREEN"

Sasha



MR. ALFRED BURDON AND M. LEON MORTON
ALSO IN "EVERGREEN"

Sasha



IN "TOPAZE": MR. RAYMOND MASSEY

Dorothy Wilding

"Evergreen," Mr. C. B. Cochran's magnificent "next," which is en route to London to the Adelphi, has created a box-office record in Glasgow, where more than £10,000 were taken in advance bookings at the King's. Mr. Alfred Burdon is a Cochran discovery and has won his spurs with a vengeance. This will be his first big West End appearance. Leon Morton is, of course, an old friend, and so is Miss Jessie Mathews. Mr. Raymond Massey plays the name part in "Topaze" at the New, which has been done into English and a bit over-bowdlerised. The revival of "The Outsider" at the Apollo has proved a bumper success with Miss Isobel Elsom in her original part of the little cripple, who is cured by the "quack" (Mr. Norman McKinnel). It has brought back to London management that cheery soul, Mr. F. C. Pool, formerly with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company



IN "THE OUTSIDER": MR. NORMAN McKINNEL AND
MISS ISOBEL ELSOM

Stage Photo Co.

The Cinema : At the Avenue Pavilion

By JAMES AGATE

AFTER some reflection I do not think I have ever met anybody who has not complained that the Animated Gazettes, News Reels, Topical Budgets, or whatever they are called, are too short. For me they have always been the most entertaining item in the average cinema-programme, a welcome respite after the passionate floods of some chorus-girl's dressing-room, and a necessary refresher before re-immersion in the tide of bathos. For one thing, the items are as short in duration as they are varied in kind. You may conceivably not be interested in the fact that it happens to be the tercentenary of John Knox or the bicentenary of John Wesley. And conceivably it might bore you to listen for any quantity of time to the Mayors of the alleged birth-places on the subject of those worthies. But the point is that you do not have to listen long. Two moments later a great lady will be seen throwing a bottle of champagne at a battle-ship and missing it, and two moments later still you will be whisked on to some far away golf-links to watch Mr. Voigt with one putt in hand to beat Mr. R. T. Jones, and missing that! As a rule the whole thing lasts the sorriest ten minutes, after which we must acquiesce in Miss Marion Somebody's hysterics in *O.K. Chief!*

But the Avenue Pavilion has altered all that. And every day and all day it presents a programme entitled *Round the World in Fifty Minutes*. This enterprising little picture-house might now take as motto, "One crowded hour of glorious life." For the programme is well under the hour, is certainly crowded, and much of it is glorious. I confess that when I went in the other night I was not frantically interested in the first item—the unveiling of a statue of somebody one took to be a Scotch divine, though I did not catch the name, by a local Mayor, Provost, or Baillie whose accents of refinement would I feel sure have compelled Mr. St. John Ervine not only to tear his hair but to denude for ever that noble occiput. But they cut the Mayor short, and a second later we were whirling round Brooklands and watching a Baby Austin beat a giant Bentley, or something of that expensive sort, for the reason that the Bentley had been forced to retire to the pit. I sometimes think it a great pity that there is no Mussolini in this country.

I forget what our exact death-rate from motoring accidents is, though I have a vague fancy that it is in the neighbourhood of one hundred and sixty a week. This could be stopped almost at once if anybody really wanted to stop it. If I were an English Mussolini I should have every motor-car in the land governed down—I hope that is the correct word—so that it could not do more than 30 m.p.h. At the end of six months I should remove the restriction for one month and count the number of fatal accidents. If they had decreased to the unavoidable minimum, all well and good. If they had decreased something but not enough, I should legalize a speed, say, of 40 m.p.h. If they had increased I should cut it down to 20. In other words I should either make motoring reasonably safe for reasonable people or bring back the man with the red flag. It is monstrous that a man cannot drive quietly home from his club without being charged head-on by some incompetent larrikin.

Now I suppose Brooklands does serve a purpose in the scheme of things, and that there is usefulness of a kind even in dirt-track racing. It is probably necessary to know what strains engines and material will stand. But there can be no doubt to

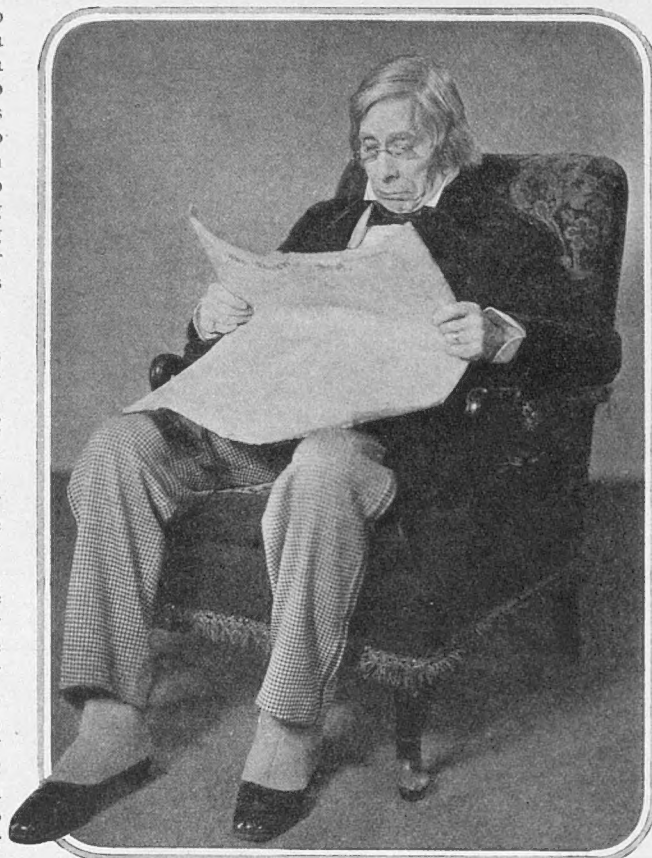
my mind that all this motor-racing is the principal encouragement of the mania for speed which afflicts the jay-driver who does not know what strain his competence can stand. Mind you, as the man said in Mr. Shaw's play, I have never read the book. In other words, I have never been to Brooklands or visited any track dirty or clean. But now comes the shocking part of my confession, which is that I found the picture of the Baby Austin careering round Brooklands inordinately exciting. So much so that if somebody will give me lunch, motor me to Brooklands on the occasion of the next speed carnival, and guarantee that our seats are not at that part of the fence where the cars crash—why then I shall be there!

From Brooklands we were taken to a chimney-felling exploit, whence we were hustled to Toronto to take part in a tree-felling competition. Next followed a French agricultural show at which bearded gentlemen of the highest respectability, complete with monocle, bowler-hat, frock-coat, and brown gloves led to a dais winning heifers, which were then personally congratulated by a Cabinet Minister! Percherons followed, and I was at once reminded of Balzac's great *viveur*, de Marsay, who, when the time came for eclipse, married an heiress, and retired to the country to encourage "les races ovaline, bovaline, et chevaline." Then Lord Riddell spoke eloquently and justly of Lord Northcliffe; after which we were taken for a trip over London in an aeroplane. Next we saw a lion-tamer being oppressively cheerful in a den of totally indifferent lions, who was succeeded by the world's champion typist.

We then visited Bombay, Samoa, and Banff, where Highland organs exceeded in improbability anything the Polynesians have yet devised. Later we saw a diver dress, dive, meet with an accident, and be restored by purely mechanical appliance. After this there were pictures of the *R 101*, including one of Lord Thomson explaining the perfections of the new airship. The audience could not but be sensitive to the tragic irony here, an irony which might very well have been made the theme of some old Greek drama. Sometimes I wonder whether the wheel is not coming fuller circle than we ever thought possible. The world has got so used to the written word that it has almost forgotten that,

when all is said and written, words are still but symbols. In some ways words have taken the place of facts, so that some people, and almost all literary people, are more inclined to be moved by an account of, say, the sinking of the *Titanic*, than by the spectacle itself. To the modern mind facts do not attain their full meaning till they have put on their interpretation of print. It is possible that the cinema will alter this, that we shall depend more upon our own eyes than upon somebody else's vision. Perhaps this will be a good thing. No account of a tragedy can be as stark as the tragedy itself, for the reason that however dreadful the news that is told there always remains the allurements, even the pleasure of good telling. Shakespeare knew this when he suggested that to give sorrow words is to alleviate sorrow. It is the writers who have made the continuance of war possible. For I find it impossible to believe that when battles actually in progress have once been televised into every home the parents of any country in the world will continue to make sacrifice on the altar of fudge.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. f



MR. GEORGE ARLISS IN "OLD ENGLISH"

The famous actor plays Sylvanus Heythrop in the talkie version of the John Galsworthy play, "Old English," which has been chosen to open the New Victoria Cinema Theatre. Mr. Arliss himself will perform the opening ceremony on October 15 (to-day). He has made a speciality of appearing in British pictures and plays, and his success in the "Disraeli" film was a most notable one.

CATCHING THE JUDGE'S EYE

At the Kennel Club Show



LORD AND LADY NORTHESK WIN WITH SATIN STRIPES

The Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace is a most exclusive affair, supported by the peers and peeresses of dogdom. This year general trade depression is said to have persuaded some of them to stay at home, however those present worthily upheld the honours of their high degree. Lord and Lady Northesk's Dachshund, wearing the smoothest of coats, won them a prize, but remained quite unmoved by this success

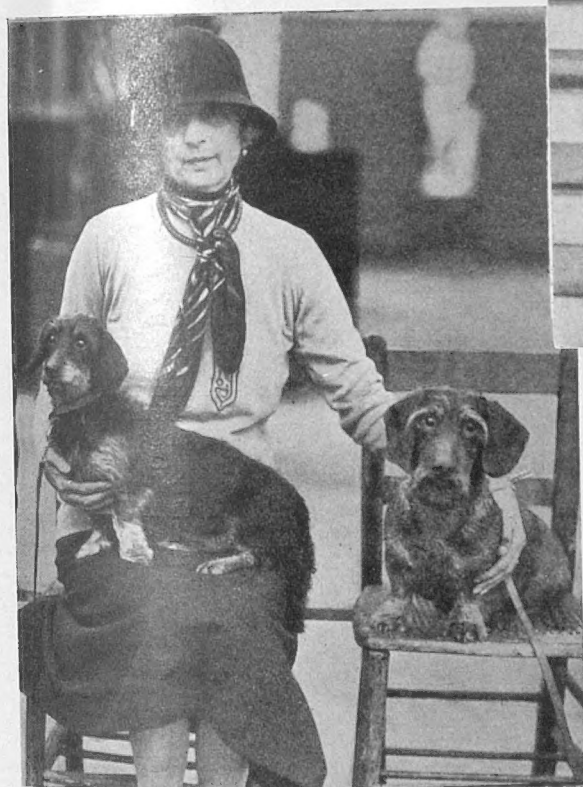


PETROFF OF BEECHWOOD AND ORLIKA OF NOTTS POSING WITH THEIR PROUD OWNER, MISS DIANA ATKINSON



WELL GROUPED: MRS. MURRAY WILSON'S FRENCH POODLES WERE ALL PRIZE-WINNERS

The Hon. Edith Trefusis is a familiar figure at the big dog shows and many awards have come her way. She is a big owner of long-haired Dachshunds, a fairly new development of the short-coated breed, for which Germany was originally responsible. Mrs. Lambe is also an ardent admirer of these agreeable, short-legged, long-bodied friends, and like Miss Trefusis, had several successes at the Crystal Palace. She is Air-Vice-Marshal Lambe's wife. Mrs. Murray-Wilson's French Poodles were also in the prize list, and so were Miss Atkinson's decorative Borzois friends



THE HON. EDITH TREFUSIS WITH ARES V. D. HOHENLOHE AND HEXE V. OETTING



MRS. LAMBE'S MAX AND MOOKIE OF DUNKERKE AND HERSELF

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

NEWMARKET first October meeting could hardly have been bettered as far as weather was concerned, but the going was very heavy for Newmarket, and the results, particularly for those who back odds-on favourites, deplorable.

It is with sincere regret that every racegoer has learnt of the severance of the connection between Frank Butters and Stanley House. His record has been wonderful, and the winning of the Jockey Club Stakes with Pyramid was another feather in his already Red-Indian-like head-dress. The filly did not carry the bloom or appearance of a winner of a race of this sort, but she won it very comfortably with the odds-on Parenthesis unplaced, and our classic form reads very like moderate handicap class.

Frank Butters seems to hold an outstanding chance of finishing up his régime in a blaze of glory by winning the Cesarewitch with Richborough or West Wicklow, whichever is the better of the two, and it is to his selected that I narrow down my final selection. Brown Jack has blotted his copy-book, Friendship has to be taken too much on trust as a maiden who has only been on a race-course once this year, and Show Girl seems to be the next best. A good French horse would beat the lot, and there is a quiet tip for Wellington II, the property of Mr. Cohn, who started the present style of women's hairdressing.

Rumours on a race-course are started in the same place and as eagerly believed as in the Great War, and Newmarket was full of them to the brim. With "dope" for a basis, the names of trainers were freely mentioned as "next for duty" when a study of the "Brown Book" would show that they had not had a horse in the examinable first three since the year Moses walked through Wales, and on results would appear to have more likely filled them to the larynx with buckshot.

So great an effect have these revelations had that a friend of mine, a best man in an important wedding, allowed his principal, who had been breaking out every hour since he was called, to go to the post for his ordeal unprimed for fear his saliva should be examined, and the pair of them disqualified and warned off Canterbury Cathedral. Another canard, since officially denied, was to the effect that Mr. Alec Cottrill, undoubtedly our best amateur rider, was to take over the management and training at Stanley House, a piece of information as readily believed as the tales to the effect that owing to the slump in the bloodstock sales Mr. Tattersall had accepted a position with the B.B.C.

Oak Ridge should have been the saviour of all at the meeting, but, probably owing to his bi-weekly efforts of the preceding fortnight, Fourth Form was backed like a



AT ALLY PALLY: MR. AND MRS. RONALD TREE

Who went to Alexandra Park last week to see their horse, Valediction, win the London Sprint Plate. Mr. Ronald Tree is Joint Master of the Pytchley with Lieut.-Colonel J. G. Lowther

good thing to beat him, and in the event managed to make the old horse increase to a steady half-speed in the last furlong, but no more.

Beyond this the meeting held little of any interest with the possible exception of Grace Dalrymple's return to form after her two débâcles, and so easily did she win that she should now be followed, as her two-year-old form was nearly top-class and she appears to be running up to it.

Something has gone wrong with Ally Pally, and on the Saturday it was hard to back one in the first three, an unheard-of thing which, if persisted in, can but detract from the attendance of those who are prepared to sacrifice their Saturday afternoons to augment their incomes at this track. Brown Jack and Lion-Hearted were broken reeds at Nottingham, and winners have been harder than ever to find at this the most tricky period of the year. Their form seems to put both of them out of the big back-end handicaps, and the performance of the former is quite inexplicable.

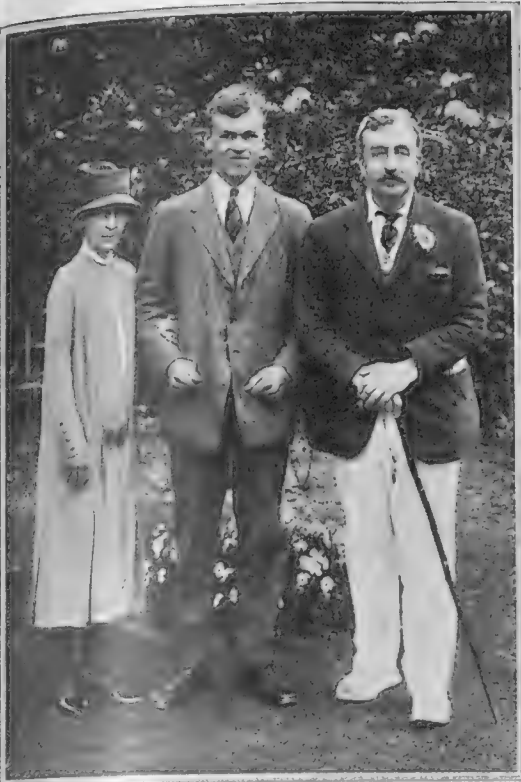
I cannot close without offering the heartiest congratulations to two well-known National Hunt performers, Mr. Pat Dennis and Mr. Bisgood, the former on his marriage and the latter on his first-born, which he explains, with that lucidity which is such a marked feature, is far more like "the bother" than "the pot."

The very best of luck to them all.



AN ALLY PALLY CARTOON

Mr. Tommy Graves and the Hon. Sylvia Portman, who is a sister of Lord Portman, and of the Hon. Mrs. "Gar" Emmet. Mr. Tommy Graves is very well known in the Leicestershire hunting world and also with the Whaddon



Abraham

LORD AND LADY ROCHDALE WITH THEIR SON, THE HON. JOHN KEMP



Victor Hey

LADY CARISBROOKE OPENS A BAZAAR AT SCARBOROUGH



Victor Hey

ALSO AT SCARBOROUGH'S HOSPITAL BAZAAR: MR. AND MRS. H. D. LEVESON-GOWER AND LADY CAYLEY



Truman Howell

'CHASING AT MONMOUTH: MISS BEVAN, MRS. WILFRED BEVAN, AND COLONEL R. FORESTIER-WALKER

The Monmouthshire Hunt 'Chases, in spite of coldish weather, were well supported. Colonel Roland Forestier-Walker, who commands the Monmouthshire R.E. (T.A.), lives at Cottles in Wiltshire and married Sir John Fuller's widow as his second wife. The Hon. John Kemp (see top left-hand) is Lord and Lady Rochdale's only son and has just become engaged to Miss Elinor Dorothea Pease, daughter of the late Mr. Ernest Pease of Mowden. Turn right for a very pleasant picture of Miss Degna Marconi, the attractive and clever daughter of the

WHO AND WHEN

These snapshots from here and there all have a personal interest. Lady Carisbrooke was welcomed by quantities of friends when she declared open Scarborough's big bazaar in aid of the new hospital which is to cost £120,000. Mr. Leveson-Gower of cricket fame opened the bazaar on the final day, and is seen doing a tour of the stalls



MISS DEGNA MARCONI



LADY BRIDGETT POULETT AND LADY KEKEWICH AT PEAMORE

world-famous Marchese Marconi. Through her mother Miss Marconi is a cousin of Lord Inchiquin. Lady Bridgett Poulett, the eighteen-year-old only sister of Lord Poulett, has lately been paying a visit to Peamore and was photographed with her hostess, Sir Trehawke and Lady Kekewich constantly have nice parties at their place near Exeter



MISS ANN KNOX

Janet Jevons

The clever authoress of an arresting book, "Vallejo Kitty" (Constable and Co., Ltd.), which has made a quick impression. "Vallejo Kitty" is the story of a prostitute who after a short period in Molly's "well-run house" in San Francisco is enabled by a lucky financial gamble to free herself of her old life, become respectable, travel to England, marry a peer, and live comfortably ever afterwards. That is the bald narration, but the character-drawing is what stamps this book as a literary achievement

mind as we were. We are not so morally vindictive. We have greater, wider knowledge of the fantastical variety which it takes to make up the human world. We are not so easily shocked. We are not so self-righteously dismayed (for the sake of example of course). And so it comes about that a little masterpiece has crept into the autumn publications which fifteen years ago would have been hounded out as being unfit for anybody to read (other people that is). The subject of this most poignant story was once upon a time unspeakable. It is now termed "delicate." Twenty years hence it may be considered among the sadder commonplaces of life. Even now it is likely to raise a storm of protest in certain quarters. Perhaps the more sensible quarters—perhaps the sillier. Yet the fact remains that it is one of the most pathetic as well as the most human stories I have ever read. It is moving with that poignancy which is at once inevitable to life and its most puzzling factor. Just as one should not judge of normal love by the romances of Leicester Square round about midnight, so one should not judge anomalous love by the dreary human specimens who practice it simply as a vice. There remain those essentially decent, essentially upright, essentially deep-loving people who, nevertheless, have been born cursed by an abnormality of which the origin is still hidden far away in the deepest secrets of Mother Nature. It is of one such as this that André Birabeau treats in his story. Let me give the bare outline of the tale. It is the tragedy of a mother's love for her only son. Her husband is travelling on his business as a journalist most of the year. Her son is consequently her only charge. It is almost as if she were a widow, and the upbringing, education, advancement in life of this boy devolved upon her alone. He is her life, her all. The saddest day she has yet known is the day when, now a youth, this son obtains a position in a big motoring firm whose branch-office is at Avignon. She knew that, sooner or later, the inevitable separation would occur; yet, like all inevitable tragedies, anticipation robs realization of not one iota of its pain. At the moment when she is looking forward to seeing her son again, now that the eve of his holidays has come round, a telegram arrives to tell her he is dead. He has been killed in a motor smash. Stunned, she travels to Avignon. The next few days pass as a nightmare. She remembers nothing—only that it seemed so horrible and yet so unreal; only that a man had been kind to her; only that a stranger had wept silently by her side in the church during the funeral service. Later on she goes over her son's belongings, arranging his things, reading his letters, so that she may burn those of no importance. It

Not Everybody's Masterpiece.

TWENTY years ago the possibility of such a book as André Birabeau's "Revelation" being published in an English translation would have caused "gentle readers" to fall dead in all directions like flies. Times change, however, and among the tragically over-paid advantages which the War doled out to us is a greater toleration, a greater pity, a deeper understanding of human weakness, of the universal human tragedy. We are not so narrow-

gives her something to do; eases her pain. Makes her son seem close to her; almost alive as it were. Among the letters she finds a love-letter. From a girl, perhaps! Who is she? Well, whoever she might be she is very illiterate. "Je suis forcé de partir pour Nîmes." The masculine gender throughout! Curious! At length the signature. The signature of a man! Disgusted, horror-stricken, it is as if all the beauty in her life had suddenly ebbed away leaving her dead; a grim, haunted figure so changed that people could scarcely recognize her. The horror of the revelation became at length an obsession. An obsession which gradually grew so intense that she felt she must kill the man who had written that letter—kill him for the beast he was. She travels in secret to Avignon. She discovers who he is. The discovery startles her. She had expected to find someone transfigured by vice. The man she sees before her is just an ordinary man; simple, kindly, gentle to her in her sorrow. The pistol nevertheless lies in her hand. She had come to his office to shoot him dead. The end of the story is, however, not only astonishing, but psychologically true. It is at once inevitable and yet totally unexpected. It makes of the work a little master-piece of true pathos and human understanding. Finally let me stress the fact that there is nothing in the treatment of this so-called delicate subject which could possibly offend anybody with an ounce of understanding of life and of the hidden pathos which makes up life's story; its grandeur in ignominy so often, and its pitifulness almost always. The translation of this book by Una Lady Troubridge is much more than merely admirable. I do not recommend you to read it however. I do not know your mentality nor the compass of your heart, nor the depth of your understanding of life in all its phases. I can only say that, for myself, I found it almost unbearably moving, and with a tragic beauty impossible to deny.

Delightful Theatrical Memoirs.

One is on safer ground when one recommends Mr. Robert Courtneidge's book of theatrical reminiscences, "I Was an Actor Once" (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), the kind of book which will delight everyone who is at all interested in the theatre and the actor's life. In these days when many a young man seems to decide to go "on the stage" only as an alternative to selling motor-cars to his friends, and not because even the smell of a theatre has for him an irresistible appeal, it is thrilling to read the life-story of a man who threw up a comfortable and fairly certain occupation to work and suffer and starve so that he might become an actor. But that is what Robert Courtneidge did when he was young. Nor apparently did he ever regret the choice—no, not even when he had to sleep in fields because he hadn't the money to pay for a night's lodging. All the success which eventually came his way, not so much as an actor, but as one of the most popular and respected theatrical managers of our day, he fully deserved; that is to say, if hard work and working harder still count as deserving of reward; which, in parenthesis, they don't always seem to do. In Manchester and later on in London, Robert



MR. VERE KER-SEYMER

Navant

Whose interesting and delightful memoirs, "Idle But Happy," recently published by Chapman and Hall, have had an instant and well-earned success

(Cont. on p. 108)

SWINGS AND ROUND-ABOUTS!

By George Belcher



"Yes, vicar, now mother's gone we'll miss all the news, not that it was true; but still it was news"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Courtneidge produced success after success (one has only to remember the long list of musical comedies at the Shaftesbury Theatre, of which *The Arcadians* was the most famous) and also many failures. Yet in his delightfully interesting book he is almost as cheerful over his failures as he is pleased by his success. He is that kind of man. He has a nice word to say for everybody; except, perhaps, temperamental leading ladies and dull comedians—and even then he might easily say more! Moreover this is the first book I have read which gives a word of sympathy to the members of the orchestra, upon whose playing a great part of the success of a musical show depends. Poor wretched men! They have to go through the same thing night after night, listening to the same jokes, hearing the same songs, and usually seeing nothing of the show itself beyond the back of the head of the man playing in front. Especially when, as is now often the case, the poor band is hidden behind a grill or buried behind a layer of dusty palm leaves—as if they were any uglier than the front row of “stallites,” which usually they aren’t! Apart from pen portraits of most of the famous actors and actresses of the years before the War, there are any number of amusing anecdotes scattered through Mr. Courtneidge’s book. This struck me as being one of the best. It deals with Sir Alexander Mackenzie. “He was conducting a rehearsal at the Royal College of Music and, after some difficulty with a lady instrumentalist who did not follow his beat, he stopped at last and, tapping the desk, addressed the culprit: ‘Young lady, this is an orchestra—not an elastic band.’”

Oh, for a World of Fiction.

I am perfectly certain that if anybody ran over me in their motor-car they would not fall in love with me on the spot. Between taking their number on my part and swearing at me on their’s, romance would not even become *enceinte*, much less born. Which is the worst of living in the actual world and not in the world of make-believe. A shipwreck washes up no Adonis on *our* shore, nor does any Venus, suffering from loss of memory, knock timidly in the dead of night on the front-door of our house to ask for shelter for the night. In fiction, thank goodness, things are different. The heroine of Emmerline Morrison’s novel, “Gilders-thorn” (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), for example, married eventually the middle-aged man who nearly ran over her with his motor-car while she was on holiday in Devonshire years before. In reality I suppose she would have been too busy trying to get compensation out of him to think of falling in love. Charles Gilders-thorn, however, falls in love with June Maitland, and she with him. It is one of those love affairs, all the same, which the man decides within himself shall go no further than a flirtation, for the simple reason that he has a wife living—Fanny, his Austrian cousin, whom he married as a matter of forced convenience in the days of his callow youth. In fiction, however, luck follows love, and who should be the greatest friend of the wealthy cousins with whom June goes to stay but Charles himself! So they are thrown together once more, the only serious obstacle being Fanny, the wife, and incidentally the mild obstruction of June’s many admirers. In a novel, however, you may send an unwanted character up aloft with one stroke of the pen. Consequently up Fanny goes before the end. Which, of course, leaves Charles and June free to marry each other. Whereupon a novel of the competent commonplace comes to an end.



SIR HENRY LYTTON

By Autori

The great Savoyard, in whose honour and to commemorate forty-six years' magnificent service to the public, a luncheon is being given at the Savoy Hotel on October 21. To lighten even one heavy hour of life is an achievement, but to lighten forty-six years of it is a triumph. The “song of the merry man” has never failed us, and to do him honour is but a small return for the joyous moments he has lavished upon us without stint. Mr. D. Lloyd George is in the chair, and the Lord Chancellor, Lord Sankey, will speak in support of the toast of the guest of honour. The names of the distinguished people attending the luncheon would fill a volume

Plenty of Plot.

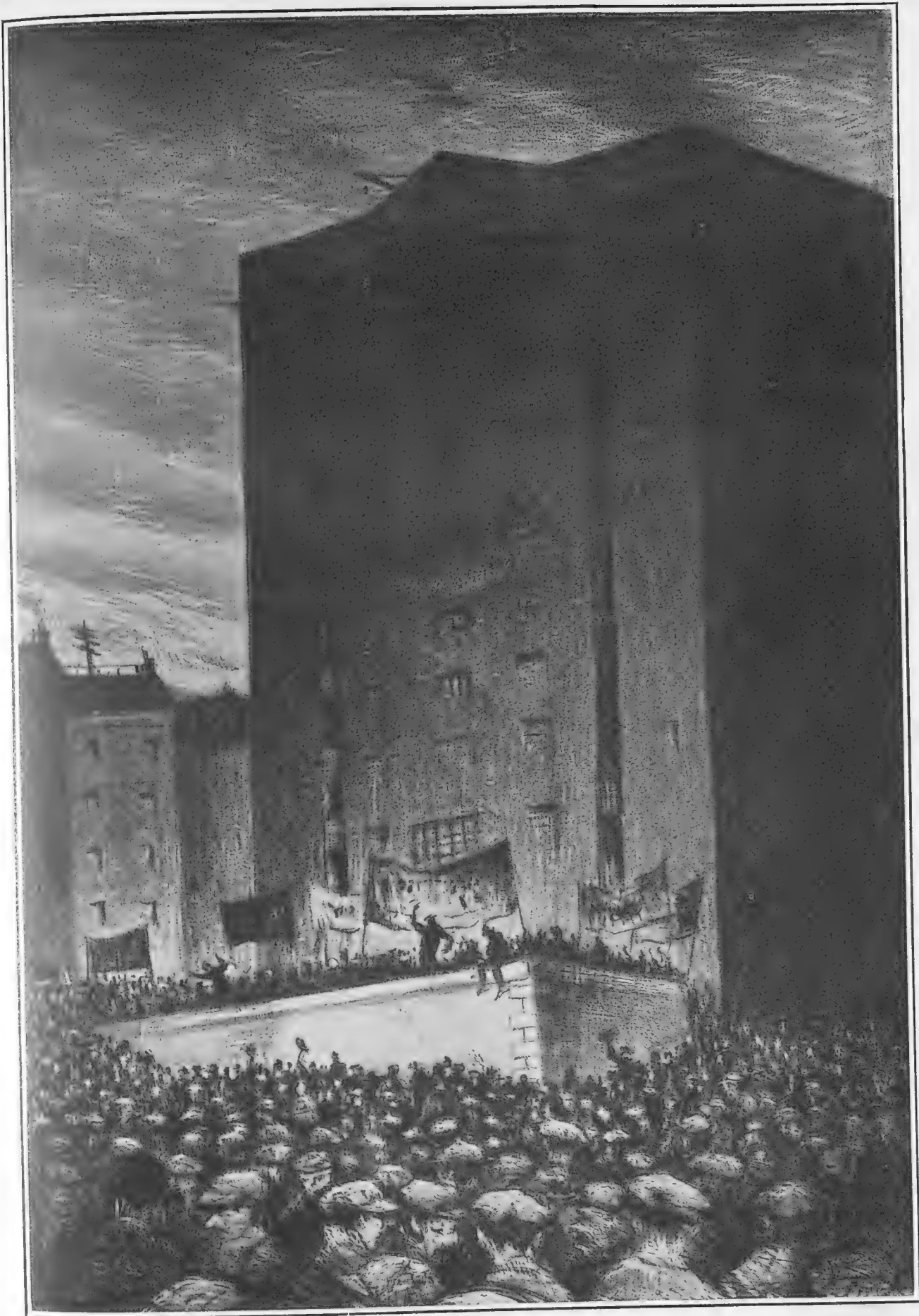
An even finer example of expert flapdoodleism is Patricia Wentworth's “Beggar's Choice” (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). I can see thousands of feminine readers sitting enthralled by it in bus, tube, train, or deck-chair. It has all the ingredients within it of a typist's dream. Of characterization it has none. The world is divided into the good, the very bad, and the mildly comic. Never, surely, has any hero been more copiously loved than Carthew Fairfax, who had only a poverty-stricken chivalry to offer any woman. Fay, the mere acquaintance of his best friend, Peter Lymington, living in America, pretended she was Peter's wife just in order that Carthew might look after her in her “husband's” absence. Anna, his cousin, was so infatuated by him that when he turned her ignominiously down she organized a quarrel between him and his rich old uncle, which was so successful that his uncle disinherited him, and they weren't on speaking terms for years. Even an American girl, Corinna, seems only to have escaped his charm by being herself in love with Peter. Isobel, however, was the girl one knew he was destined to marry from the very first description of her: “She had on a blue dress, and at first I thought she was pale, frightfully pale, and my heart gave a sort of jerk of pure funk because I was afraid she was ill. And then when she said, ‘Oh, Car!’ the colour came into her face and she looked so beautiful that I could have gone down on my knees and kissed the ground she was walking on.” Still, before he could marry Isobel, he reconciled to his uncle, and live in the old Manor House which both he and Isobel so dearly loved, a whole string of thrilling events had to happen. And so it goes on! The real virtue of the story is that it is flapdoodle by an expert hand. As good as “going to the pictures.”

And Even Queerer Still.

“Water and Wine” (Collins. 7s. 6d.),

by Catherine Cotton, is the story of disastrous marriages with a highfalutin, but unconvincing finish. David Purcell, in spite of opposition, left his ancestral home to take up painting in London. There seemed, strangely enough, to be no possible combination of two such circumstances. Then, with equal pig-headedness, he married Rosa, his model—a pretty, useless, crafty little “baggage.” Married life, however, became so stormy with her that David drowned himself and left his baby daughter, Elspeth, to get on with her young life as best she could. When Elspeth grew up she fell in love with Billy Cochran, her next-door neighbour, and would have married him had not her mother forced her to break off the engagement to marry wealthy Fred Bailey. The strength of this “forcing” was that, as Fred alone knew how David had met his death, he might spread the dark secret should Elspeth refuse him! So Elspeth married him, and perhaps for such a girl there was not much hope. Then begins the second unhappy marriage: Elspeth is miserable in her married life. Her husband is unfaithful to her, and so, at long last, she determines to leave him. There is a reunion with Billy, and the rest of the story might have been comparatively happy had not the author decided otherwise.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of “The Friends of the Poor” on p. xx of this issue.



THE WORKERS

By C. R. W. Nevinson

One of the arresting pictures on view at the Nevinson Exhibition at the Leicester Art Galleries. Mr. Nevinson's love for novelty, noise, and bustle, the din of crowded streets in great cities, is well known by all familiar with his work, and this picture, "The Workers," is entirely typical. Mr. Nevinson is an ultra-Modernist in all that he does, a born illustrator to the nth degree

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Sir Sefton Brancker.

OF all those who went down in the airship *R 101* none was better known throughout Europe than Sir Sefton Brancker, our Director of Civil Aviation. Sir Sefton Brancker succeeded in being everywhere and in doing everything. He was to be found at every aerodrome opening, at every aeronautical lunch or dinner, at every meeting or conference, at every reception. He was, I believe, the only man who could have travelled to any aerodrome in Europe, and perhaps farther afield, without ever having to tell those who met him his name. He and his eye-glass were known to the humblest and highest officials wherever aircraft can fly. He pretended to no great technical knowledge, but he was ready to support the views he held with an unequalled fund of personal experience and logical reasoning. And to every private aeroplane owner he was a personal friend. He was the one man in British aviation who cannot be replaced, and who never will be replaced. Some called him Great Britain's best commercial traveller. To the foreigner he represented the Englishman as he had conceived of him in his own mind—bluff, direct, unmoved by risks, fond of wandering about the world, with a curious but keen sense of humour. The attitude of those who instantly recognized him (though they rarely managed to remember his office correctly, and one Japanese official went so far as to call him the "Director of Civilization") at the continental aerodromes was one of the heartiest and most genuine welcome, though not without the secret smile. That they were amused by him only increased their affection for him, and I am confident that the loss of Sir Sefton Brancker will be felt keenly throughout the flying organizations of Europe. I can think of only one thing wherein Sir Sefton seemed to fail, and that was in being a bad hater. He could not hate anybody, even those who had done him the gravest injury. He went on his way, pleased with the company of those who liked him and ignoring the pitfalls set by those who disliked him.

British aviation had in Sir Sefton Brancker a man with fore-sight, with enthusiasm, with boundless energy, and with an outstanding personality. There were many other people of great note in aviation lost with the *R 101*, but I single out Sir Sefton Brancker because I know he will be far more intimately known to private aeroplane owners and club members than anyone else.

Wessex Demonstration.

It is a relief to turn from the sad end of the *R 101* to the successful demonstration of the Westland Wessex which was given at the Hanworth Air Park. The Wessex is a three-engined cabin monoplane seating six people, and it has a

number of points of special interest. First of all there is the cruising speed of 95 m.p.h. Then there is the extraordinarily comfortable cabin and the ability to fly on any two engines at 4,000 ft. with a full load. The machine is a beautiful production which carries on the Westland tradition of superfine workmanship. But even more interesting than the Wessex itself is the

scheme for bringing it to the notice of all possible buyers which the firm has evolved. The machine is to tour the Eastern counties during the present month and then to visit the Midlands and the North, including Scotland and Ireland in its itinerary. This method of sending out a demonstration aeroplane is new and promises well. It will not only advertise the aeroplane itself in the best possible way but it will also advertise air travel at the same time.

Westlands are not confining their idea to their three-engined civil aircraft; they are also doing an air tour with Wapitis. Wapitis of the latest pattern are to be despatched to China and to Buenos Aires, and possibly to other South American States. Thus Sir E. Petter practises what he has been preaching so energetically recently, and sets out to obtain trade rather than waiting for it to come to him. The example set by this firm should have a stimulating effect upon the whole industry, and everyone will wish the venture good luck.



THE No. 43 FIGHTER SQUADRON

A group taken at Tangmere, near Chichester. The names, left to right, are: Standing—P/O R. F. Fletcher, P/O J. Heber-Percy, P/O G. R. A. Elsmie; seated—P/O E. R. Simonds, Flight-Lieutenant J. E. Brodie, Flight-Lieutenant E. Thornton, Squadron-Leader C. N. Lowe, M.C., D.F.C., Flight-Lieutenant C. T. Walkington, F/O R. J. T. Barratt, F/O E. Esmonde. The squadron, as can be seen from the photograph, is equipped with Siddeley Siskins with Jaguar engines

F. King & Co.



ENGAGED: MR. BRIAN MOODY AND MISS ELLIS JOAN WATSON

The engagement was announced quite recently. Miss Watson is the daughter of Lady Samman and the step-daughter of Sir Henry Samman, Bart. Her fiancé, Mr. Brian Moody, is the son of Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Moody of Ripon, Yorks, and he taught Miss Watson to fly. This snapshot was taken at the Hull aerodrome at Hedon

The 500-Mile Race.

There must have been some forty aeroplanes at Brooklands at the time of the 500-mile race. There were Puss Moths, Avians, Bluebirds, and even the Segrave Meteor, which looks smart and quite quick. The eternal Avro was also in evidence, and Mr. Murray revived the memories of the antiques who were present by flying his *SE 5* with the Viper engine. In spite of the advances that have been made, real and alleged, in aircraft and engine design, the *SE* and some other War-time aircraft which most of us could name still look like aeroplanes, and certainly fly like them. The same cannot always be said of more modern machines. For instance horrific rumours are now going round telling of new helicopters. I have been closely studying some photographs which have been sent to me of the Curtiss-Bleeker helicopter and of the Ascanio helicopter. I can discover very little about them except that they look like threshing-machines. To me it seems that the advent of the autogiro removed the need for a helicopter. It is true that the helicopter can and should be able to hover. But the value of hovering has yet to be demonstrated. Most people require from an aircraft that it shall get them from place to place, and the more it is inclined to hover the less they like it. But it is always worth while encouraging inventors, for it is while working towards one result they obtain another different one of even greater value.



THE OUTRAGE

By H. M. Bateman

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P.A. 756



LADY BEATRIX CADOGAN

GETTING MARRIED

Lady Beatrix Cadogan and her Fiancé

These new portraits represent two popular people whose engagement has given great satisfaction to their many mutual friends. Lord and Lady Cadogan's elder daughter has only just passed the debutante stage, being still on the right side of nineteen and very charming at that. Mr. Rennie Hoare was christened Henry Peregrine, is the elder son of Mr. Harry and Lady Geraldine Hoare, and numbers among his various intrepid activities a partiality for travelling very fast indeed on skis and snow. During August he and his future wife were members of a family party on the shores of Lake Como, where his parents have a quite delightful villa. Lady Geraldine Hoare is Lord Bristol's sister



MR. RENNIE HOARE

Photographs by H. J. Whitlock

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Follow a Star," at the
Winter Garden Theatre



FOOTWORK BY THE BROTHERS HULBERT

"Snitch," the tango dancer (Brother Claude) encourages the cabaret's new "bouncer" (Brother Jack) to tread an unstately measure in a pair of shoes designed for Carnera or Little Tich

Applied to Mr. Jack Hulbert the old advertisement in which a gentleman's commanding countenance inspired the question, "Is this man gifted with strange power?" admits of but one answer. A visit to the Winter Garden proves beyond dispute that Mr. Hulbert is not only what everybody has known him to be for years, an engaging comedian and a conscientious revue showman, but something more—a wizard with a fresh outlook on musical comedy. And if that isn't "strange power," what is?



TOMTITT

THE PEERAGE
Mr. Louis Goodrich as
the head of the Bohun
family

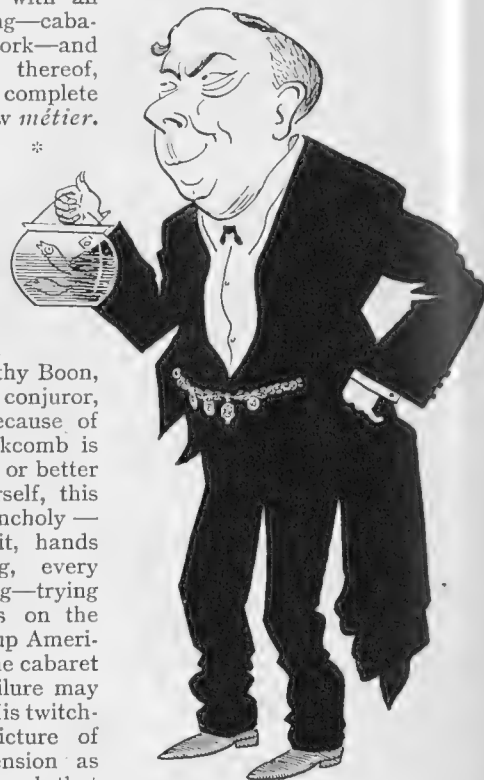
Follow a Star has one of those "back-stage" themes which have been religiously overworked by Hollywood ever since *Broadway*. There is nothing fundamentally new about a bevy of show girls rehearsing in a New York cabaret. But Mr. Hulbert's cunning way of grouping and handling his beauty chorus and introducing the various songs and dances without slowing up the action puts a whole bunch of feathers in the thinking-cap of a producer who has obviously something out of the ordinary to think with.

The result is a verve and freshness beyond expectation, and a First Act which must go near to setting up a record for originality. Messrs. Douglas Furbur and Dion Titheradge, authors of the book, have conspired together with such ingenuity that it is no longer safe to consign all musical-comedy formulae into a general hotch-potch of commonplace inconsequence.

When Mr. Hulbert, for variety's sake, wisely decided to appear without Miss Cecily Courtneidge he chose Miss Sophie Tucker to reign temporarily in her stead.

Miss Tucker, as the Empress-Queen of Cabaret, had to be "written into" a show or else a show had to be "written round" her. The process, judging by results, is immaterial. Here is a story with an appropriate setting—cabaret life in New York—and here is the star thereof, proving herself complete mistress of her new *métier*.

Here, too, is Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, as the star's husband, in a part which would be the part of his life were it twice as long in its initial stages. As Timothy Boon, the world's worst conjuror, employed only because of his wife, Mr. Baskcomb is superb. Imagine, or better still see for yourself, this master of melancholy—shabby dress suit, hands nervously shaking, every trick going wrong—trying out his new gags on the hard-bitten, hard-up American manager. The cabaret is doing badly; failure may mean the sack. His twitching face is a picture of agonized apprehension as he waits for the laugh that never comes. "My next trick, ladies and gentlemen, will be to produce a bunch of 'olly'ocks out of the void. . . ."



"THE WORLD'S WORST
CONJUROR"

Mr. A. W. Baskcomb as Timothy Boon, who becomes Sir Timothy Bohun, Bart.

Timothy's grief at the loss of his rabbit, Rosamund, his touchiness and pride, his belief that he comes of ancient lineage and is, in fact, Sir Timothy Bohun (pronounced Boon), heir to a disputed Baronetcy—these ludicrous idiosyncracies belong more to Dickens than to Drury Lane. Mr. Baskcomb's portrait of "the man whose flags-of-all-nations' trick started the War" deserves a frame in the gallery of "tragic clowns," those little men who hover between laughter and tears, and die, in the best melodramas, of a broken heart.

At the Winter Garden no such dreary fate overtakes the magician whose 'ollocks spring from a void which is palpably a breast-pocket. On the contrary, a superbly top-hatted solicitor arrives from England to perform the comparatively simple trick of changing the world's worst conjuror into Britain's oddest Baronet. The good news almost compensates the owner of Rosamund, now happily restored, for the indignity of appearing as a super in a Roman ensemble dressed in the toga and breast-plate of a third Emperor.

The other two wearers of the purple are Snitch, the tango-dancer (Mr. Claude Hulbert), and the new "bouncer," which is American for chucker-out and English for Mr. Hulbert, senior. The business of securing this post from four strangely-assorted competitors is a slick piece of fooling with a flavour of burlesque which changes to unabashed knock-about when the successful candidate reappears in a red uniform of uncertain fit and a pair of boots which would not disgrace Little Tich. While Brother Claude plays breaks on the piano Brother Jack is doing his best to dislocate several portions of his



"I DON'T WANT TO GET THIN"

Miss Sophie Tucker ranging triumphantly through a repertoire which says the last word about avoirdupois, international sweethearts, and sheik-love, and propounds a tit-for-tat philosophy for wives which would have startled the Victorians

—bad in the case of Mr. Drayton and Miss Russell, who come to blackmail but are foiled by the arrival of the supposed corpse, a stratagem which proves more effective than the Brothers Hulbert disguised as two pantomime policemen.

The chorus, meanwhile, have danced round the Maypole, transformed themselves into a human charabanc (excellent); contributed to a duet, "Don't wear your heart on your sleeve" (good staff-work), and listened to Mr. Baskcomb in frock-coat and fur gloves making a speech of welcome inadequately prompted by his secretary (Mr. Hulbert). Remains—and now the star we have followed is in her own heaven and all's right with the world—the drawing of black curtains, the insinuation of a piano and the forthcoming of Miss Sophie Tucker, a ministering angel in white, with one or two songs to match and others more definitely blue. Some woman, some Personality—and then some. Frankly I cannot compute the full artistic significance of this "International Sweetheart" any more than I can discuss the morals of "If your kisses can't hold the man you love" with my Aunt Emily from Cheltenham. Miss Tucker "gets me" most when, to take liberties with her lyricist, she is not Yellen. But whom doesn't she "get"—and how? *Follow a Star* is the best and brainiest mixture of pretty girls, good tunes (Mr. Vivian Ellis again), stars and starlets, pep and novelty in London.

anatomy at once. Brother Claude can do this sort of thing, too; in fact, it's a pity he isn't allowed a few more back-somersaults all to himself.

But with so many stars to follow the process of twinkling must be rationed. Mr. Alfred Drayton makes the proprietor of the establishment a hundred per cent. cigar-smoking "tough guy." Acting will out, even in musical comedy. Miss Russell, of the Titian hair and something of an American accent, contrives, as Mrs. Proprietor, to be both flash and fascinating. Miss Betty Davies, as the conjuror's daughter, sings and dances with the correct mixture of coyness and aplomb, a compromise as it were 'twixt June and Juno.

Then there is Mr. Ted Shapiro, Miss Tucker's accompanist; Miss Alma Mackay, *ballerina contortionisima*; Mr. Frederick Carpenter, whose solo dance would have delighted the worshippers of Apollo; Mr. Louis Goodrich, as a nameless peer with a monocled eye for a red-hot momma; and Mr. Charles Courtneidge, as the cabaret's tame backer, whom Mr. Baskcomb biffs over the head with his disappearing cannon and thinks he has murdered. Fear of the electric chair and the Bohun title indicate a quick get-away for the Boon family, and Act I ends dramatically with the erstwhile bouncer holding up his outraged employer with a revolver, while the party escape to Act II and the garden at Bohun Towers (England). Everybody reappears for reasons good or bad



"THE FIRST WEEK-END IN JUNE"

Miss Betty Davies as the conjuror's daughter is hard to win but easy to admire



"THE GIRL IS YOU"

The cabaret proprietors (Miss Irene Russell and Mr. Alfred Drayton) rehearse a duet for the new show

"TRINCULO."

STOP HERE FOR THIRSK RACES



LORD ALLERTON, THE HON. LADY
CHICHESTER, AND MR. P. HODSON



THE HON. MRS. MICKLETHWAIT
WALKING WITH MRS. HEWLETT

Yorkshire County persons turned up in large numbers to enjoy two days' good racing at Thirsk's Autumn Meeting. Baroness Beaumont's sister, Mrs. Micklethwait, is a most consistent racegoer and last month paid the Curragh a visit to see the Irish St. Leger run



MAJOR AND MRS. JOHN FOSTER
RETURNING TO THE ENCLOSURE



IN-LAWS: SIR LOFTUS BATES
AND MRS. E. GILES BATES

Lady Chichester, who is seen consulting Lord Allerton and her card, is Lord Dera-more's only daughter. Pray observe her snug bootings, a wise provision on a cold day. Major John Foster is a brother of Major Gordon Foster, the popular Master of the Sinnington. Brigadier-General Sir Loftus Bates belongs to Northumberland



BETWEEN EVENTS: LORD AND LADY
CHESTERFIELD AND MR. WOMBWELL



OBSERVED AND OBSERVING: MRS.
FRASER AND MR. MAURICE PEASE

and used to command the county regiment; Mrs. Giles Bates is the wife of his only son. Lord Chesterfield lives at Beningbrough Hall, quite near York, when he is not in London. He has held many Court appointments, including that of Master of the Horse. Lady Chesterfield is a daughter of the second Baron Nunburnholme

THE PORTMAN'S SHROTON FAIR MEET



THE PORTMAN'S YOUNGER GENERATION. MISS PHYLLIS, MISS DOREEN, AND MISS AUDREY HUNT



MRS. W. W. B. SCOTT, WIFE OF THE PRESENT MASTER



MISS FORESTIER-WALKER, MAJOR BEEVER, AND MAJOR STERN



MISS URSULA LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH

All these charming pictures were taken in Peter Beckford's country, otherwise known as the Portman, on the day during their cubbing season when they meet on Hambledon Hill first, and then hounds and all go to the Shroton Fair in the afternoon. It is almost as important a rite as Kirby Gate is with the Quorn. Hambledon Hill is near Iwerne Ccourtney, and Shroton is just north of it. Peter Beckford, the author of that hunting classic, "Thoughts On Hunting," lies buried at Steepleton, four miles north of Blandford. Captain W. P. Browne was Master and huntsman of these hounds for ten seasons, and Mr. W. W. B. Scott joined him in 1928. Captain Browne retired at the end of last season. Captain Noel Livingstone-Learmonth, whose daughter is in one of these snapshots, was formerly joint honorary secretary. The Vale country of the Portman, with its big banks and ditches, takes all the doing the best horse in the world can give it

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

IT is said that "manners maketh the man," but I am rather inclined to believe I know the man who maketh the manners! Très Cher . . . shake hands with M. Paul Reboux, author of a most amusing book on etiquette-as-she-is-spoke-in-the-Paris-of-to-day! It is called "Le Nouveau Savoir Faire," and in it you will find much that is witty, a great deal that is useful, a vein that is satirical, and, here and there (so beware, squeamish reader) a chapter that is more than a little Rabelaisian! All matters are discussed, from the treatment and behaviour of guests at country houses (how not to bore, and equally how not to be bored) to the management of children and animals in the drawing-room. The bed-room and bath-room have their chapter. The delicate matter of *la nuit de nocces* is touched upon in a manner that will oblige Dr. Marie Stopes to carefully take out and dust her laurels. A scale of tipping is also suggested, for use on every occasion, and goodness knows that there are many occasions over here. The uncivility of jealousy is discussed. The art of forgiveness is extolled. . . . Advice, indeed, is tendered upon every question of polite living.

The book ends with a few general remarks on Good Manners, amongst which I greatly appreciate the following: "The first rule of the Well Mannered is . . . to be able to do without rules!" M. Paul Reboux, I make you my curtsy. I would like to present a copy of this book to each one of the many thousands of motorists that the Salon de l'Automobile has attracted to Paris. Pandemonium and anarchy reign around the Grand Palais. A hooting, shrieking Bedlam. A shove-as-shove-can *mêlée* of protesting owner-drivers. To park or not to park is the question, and every individual attitude towards it would appear to be that of "I'll park . . . but be damned to YOU!"

The consequence is that peaceful-minded folks (with some regard for their cars) prefer to drive half round Paris in going from one point to another rather than pass the Grand Palais *en route*. This said, I have nothing but praise and admiration for the "Show" itself. I was there the night before the opening day. That interminable night, when, till dawn, the "exhibits" were brought in, shoved and pulled by sweaty mechanics. Nothing automobile about those cars. They were man-propelled . . . all of them!

It was an amusing sight. At four a.m. (I had been spending a happy evening at El Garçon, Leon Volterra's gay cabaret *de nuit* in the rue Fontaine, and the unusual lights of the Grand Palais at that hour attracted me on my way home) the decorators and carpet-layers were still hard at work. Half the stands were still awaiting their pet exhibit, and more than one constructor was tearing his well-groomed hair. Lubly ladies rubbed bare elbows (our evening wraps are too ridiculous this year) against greasy overalls, and their flowing draperies did their flowing in the dust where the carpet-layers had not yet finished. And yet a few hours later, when the doors were opened to the public, everything was in place from the newly-painted turnstiles at the entrance to the last well-slickened hair of every slick young salesman.

There have been so many theatrical *premières* this week. The one poorer than the other except—oh extremely except—Alfred Savoir's amazing play, *Little Catherine* (*la petite Catherine*) at the Théâtre Antoine. *Little Catherine* becomes, in history, Catherine the Great! But Savoir presents her to us (or

us to her?) when she is a young and innocent little German princess. Coquettish certainly, and showing the promise of being a great man-handler, but innocent and lovely nevertheless. Her arrival at Petersburg, her meeting with the young archduke who was to become Peter III and her husband, and his aunt the Empress Elizabeth; the former a young and handsome brute, the latter a witty, caustic, entertaining old rip. The intrigues of Court life. All this and the gradual metamorphosis of the "little" Catherine towards the "greatness" that she achieves provides the most thrilling theme of the biggest stage success that we have seen in Paris this autumn.

The costumes, designed by Nathalie Gontcharova, are as beautiful as are the stage settings of Michel Larionow. The acting is such as one usually only sees with a Russian company, because even the smallest parts are played to perfection. "Little" Catherine is Mlle. Alice Cocea (in private life the Comtesse Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld), the archduke (afterwards Czar Peter III) is Henri Rollan, who gave a magnificent performance, first as the dare-devil brute and then as a terrified man who, finding himself deserted by bodyguard and servants who have taken up cause for Catherine, realizes that for the first time in the whole of his existence he is alone in his quarters and is frightened as a child is frightened of the dark. This is a play that you will surely see in London.—PRISCILLA.



"PRISCILLA" ON HER FARM

And avec beloved "dawg." The writer of these entertaining notes is never happier than when she is able to escape from Paris to her island fastness at Noirmoutier, Vendée



FRÄULEIN FLORA FISCHER

The eighteen-year-old Viennese girl, who holds the Austrian amateur championships for tennis, golf, gymnastics, sprinting, hurdling, and shooting: a veritable little female Alexander

IN THE ARC-LIGHT



MARY BRIAN

Mary Brian, who is only twenty-two, enjoys the distinction of having been one of the first—if not the first—Wendy in a film version of "Peter Pan"; this was in 1925. Since then she has done a great deal of more serious work, including "Beau Geste," "Shanghai Bound," and other big films. Her real name is Mary Dantzler, and she was born in Texas. Jeanette Macdonald is the young actress who is playing opposite lead to Maurice Chevalier in his big success, "The Love Parade." Just previous to this she was in the film, "Let's Go Native." Eleanor Hunt and Paul Gregory are two of the leading characters in "Whoopie," in which the famous American musical-comedy actor, Eddie Cantor, is the star. Incidentally he started life as a messenger-boy on Wall Street, and was quickly "fired" because his antics made the other employees laugh too much; so he at once turned over to the Stage



JEANETTE MACDONALD IN "THE LOVE PARADE"



ELEANOR HUNT AND PAUL GREGORY IN "WHOOPEE"

RACING AT NOTTINGHAM LAST WEEK

LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY AND
MISS MCCREAGH

LADY COOK AND SIR FREDERICK FREAKE



MRS. LEZARD AND MRS. JELLISS

MAJOR A. E. BURNABY, M.F.H., MRS. E. O.
KELLETT, AND MISS MONICA SHERIFFEMAJOR F. W. BARRETT, LADY GLENAPP.
AND CAPTAIN D. C. M. BEECHMISS CLAYTON AND LORD ADARE IN
THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

The crowd at Nottingham on Nottingham Handicap Plate day was not surprising, for this race over two miles and a furlong is rightly held to be the best public gallop for the Cesarewitch close up to that race—which incidentally is run to-day, October 15. The defeat of Sir Harold Wernher's great horse, Brown Jack, who started favourite and only finished fourth, may not make him quite the safety first bet he has looked for the Long Dart. Lord Derby's Richborough gave Tommy Weston a winning ride. Richborough stands 17.1 and staying is his profession, but they doubt if he has any kind of dash. All the sporting world within hail was there as these pictures no doubt demonstrate—a master of hound's wife in Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, the famous senior master of the Quorn in Major Burnaby, more Quornites in the ladies with him, polo by Sir Frederick Freake and "Rattle," who also is a power in the 'chasing world, and Captain Beech, and more from the fox-hunting world in Mrs. Lezard who was formerly Lady Northland and whose son is the present Lord Northland, the grandson and heir-presumptive to the Earl of Ranfurly. Lord Adare, who is with Miss Clayton, is Lord Dunraven's son and heir



TUMBLING WATER

By Tremator

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THE LAST OF THE SPECIES!

By Patrick Bellew



FLAMENGO

From the picture by Charles Dorn



AMENGO

picture by Cherubini



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SOME RECENT HOUSE PARTIES AND OTHER PICTURES



Truman Howett

AT A HORSE SHOW IN WALES: LORD TREOWEN AND LIEUT.-COLONEL FULKE WALWYN, M.P.H.



Bute

A QUENBY HOUSE PARTY: The names, left to right, are—Mr. R. G. Grosvenor, Miss Molly Gretton, Miss B. Burrell, Lady Nutting, H.R.H. Princess Helena Victoria, H.R.H. Princess Ingrid of Sweden, Mr. T. G. M. Weldon, Lady Weldon, and Lord Caledon



Mitchell Laing

A COMING-OF-AGE PARTY: A group at Bamff House, in which the names are—Mr. Neis Ramsay, the Duchess of Atholl, Miss Fyfe, Miss Duncan Jordanstone, (behind) Major Arnold, Sir Douglas Ramsay, Miss L. Ramsay and Lady Ramsay, (in front) Mr. John Barrie Tayfield



Vyryan Poole

AT SHEEN FALLS: THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE

Lord Treowen, who is in the snapshot at the top, is Lord Lieutenant of Monmouthshire, and Lieut.-Colonel Fulke Walwyn, D.S.O., is Joint Master of the Monmouthshire hounds with Miss Lloyd Thomas. Sir Harold Nutting, whose seat is Quenby, where the group at the top was taken, is about to embark on his first season as Joint Master of the Quorn. H.R.H. Princess Helena Victoria, who is a great friend of Lady Nutting, devotes a good deal of her time to golf whenever she is at Quenby. Sir Douglas Ramsay's son, Mr. Neis Ramsay, came of age recently, and this party in the lower group was invited to Bamff, Perthshire, to celebrate. The Duchess of Atholl is Sir Douglas Ramsay's sister. Lord and Lady Lansdowne were at their beautiful home, Sheen Falls, Kenmare, Co. Kerry

TOUJOURS

LE SPORT



THE HON. MRS. FOLJAMBE AND COLONEL STEWART AT STRATFORD 'CHASES



SPORTING PERSONALITIES: LORD PORTMAN AND MR. W. CRAWFURD-STIRLING-STUART



ALSO AT STRATFORD: CAPTAIN AND THE HON. MRS. GARLAND EMMET



THE HON. ROBERT AND MRS. LYTTELTON PLAYING GOLF AT NORTH BERWICK



BESIDE THE TEE SIDE: MRS. RICARDO AND HER DAUGHTER



MAJOR AND LADY MARY HERBERT AT ABERGAVENNY FOR THE HORSE SHOW

Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases were the *raison d'être* for the top row of pictures on this page. Mrs. Foljambe is frequently to be found at Midland meetings and takes knowledgeable interest in the doings of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. G. Foljambe's horses. On this particular day his Pixie ran third in the Barford 'Chase. Mr. Crawford-Stirling-Stuart comes from Lanarkshire, and is well known in Scottish sporting circles. Lord Portman, who is Joint Master of the Taunton Vale, was in joint command of the Warwickshire for a short time; Mrs. Garland Emmet is his youngest sister and lives at Moreton Paddox. North Berwick is still attracting enthusiastic golfers, among them Lord Cobham's uncle, the Hon. Robert Lyttelton, and his wife. Most Lytteltons have a natural facility for playing games well, and this member of a famous family is no exception to the rule. Colonel Wilfred Ricardo's wife and daughter have also lately been concerned with Colonel Bogey at North Berwick. Major Herbert was riding at the Abergavenny Show and caught the judge's eye in the Heavyweight Hunter Class. His wife is Lord Ilchester's daughter

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MADRID

ROME

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The poor man turned and tossed but could not sleep. Never had he struck such a stuffy hotel; he had tried to open the windows but they seemed to be sealed. After a few hours he got out of bed, wrapped a blanket round his hand, and smashed the window. Then he breathed deeply, got to bed, and fell into a deep and refreshing sleep. Next morning he had to pay ten shillings for smashing the front of the wardrobe.

"Shure, Pat," said Molly, "I had a certificate of character, but I lost it coming over. Phwat shall I do?"

"Niver mind, Molly," said Pat consolingly, "I'll write ye wan." And this is what he wrote: "This is to certify that Molly Cassidy had a good character before she left the auld country, but lost it on shipboard coming over."

A clergyman was announcing a baptismal service for the following Sunday and requested those parishioners who had children to be baptized to bring them. The old clerk, who was very deaf, supposing that the announcement referred to some new hymn-books just obtained by the church officials, rose and added: "Those of you who have not got them can have as many as you require at my house at a shilling apiece; or with extra strong backs eighteen pence each."

A lady motor driver ran into the kerb and bent the mud-guard rather badly. She therefore went to a nearby garage and asked the mechanic if he could fix the mud-guard so that her husband wouldn't know it was bent. The mechanic took a good look at the damage and then said, "Well, I can't do that, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll fix it up so that in a few days you can ask your husband how he came to smash it."

The case being tried in the county court was one of assault. The wife of the prisoner in the dock was bringing a summons against him for cruelty.



"TONS OF MONEY" AS A FILM

Miss Yvonne Arnaud, Mr. Ralph Lynn, and Miss Mary Brough in the film version of that bumper success by "Valentine"—"Tons of Money"—which is being directed by Mr. Tom Walls for the British and Dominion Film Corporation, Ltd.

Fred Daniels

"and also no smoking." "And I'm tae gae tae ma bed early?" "Yes," was the firm reply. At this the Scotsman took up his hat and prepared to leave.

"Have you not forgotten something?" asked the specialist. "What's that?" asked the patient. "The fee for my advice," the doctor replied. "Yere advice! A'm no taking yere confoonded advice!" cried the Scotsman, as he walked out.

"Isn't there anything of special interest here?" asked the tourist. "In the last village we stopped at they showed us a place where a man had lain in wait for his rival in love and attacked him with a fiendish gusto."

The guide had never heard of this crime, but his professional jealousy was aroused.

"That is quite true, sir," he replied, "but perhaps you are not aware that the villain afterwards made his escape to this village and you are now standing on the very spot where he hid the fiendish gusto with which he made the fearful attack."

"Sambo, you have been drinking again," said the parson, reprovingly. "Yes, sah, dat sho', an' powerful stuff I had. It was dat dere chicken hooch."

"Chicken hooch!" exclaimed the other, "I've never heard of that; what is it?"

"Wal, you know, sah, chicken hooch means one drink an' you lay."



MR. WILLIE WARDE

Fred Daniels

Who was born in 1857 and thus is one of the real boys of the old brigade. His name will always be connected with the spacious George Edwardes days of Daly's and the Gaiety, and particularly with the dancing side of all the brilliant musical comedies of those times. Willie Warde made his stage debut at two years old as a baby in arms in a play called "Young and Old Stagers," produced in 1859



VIENNA..city of
brilliant lights,
city of midnight
laughter..PARIS
..dancing until
dawn..BERLIN
..thronging
to the
opera—

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Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

THE appalling disaster to *R 101*, which came as such a shock to the whole of the Empire, has taken away some old and valued friends from a good many of us, and amongst those who will be sorely missed none perhaps will be more so than Sir Sefton Brancker, whom so many of us knew by an affectionate nick-name which was bestowed upon him when he was serving in India. Sir Sefton Brancker was, I think, absolutely the first British officer to fly as an observer on military manoeuvres, the ones undertaken by the Meerut Division in 1910. The pilot was a French airman, M. Jullerot, who came out to India with a couple of primitive aeroplanes of the box-kite order, and after giving some demonstrations in Calcutta and elsewhere was invited to do the same thing on the manoeuvres, which were then about to start. Sir Sefton Brancker went with him, and his air adventures began almost at once, as the 'plane crashed, fortunately without serious results, from a height of about forty feet, and why the two people in it were not killed no one quite knew. An aeroplane in those days was a great curiosity in India, and thousands of people turned out to see it. Sir Sefton Brancker was as brave a man as ever wore the King's uniform, and before he was absorbed by flying to the exclusion of almost everything else, used to go very well to hounds. He was one of the writer's oldest friends.

In the October number of that always interesting magazine, "The Cavalry Journal," Major T. J. Edwards gives us the second part of his most entertaining series, "The Cavalryman of Romance," only in this particular instance there is no romance, merely hard fact as related by Marbot, who was on Augereau's staff on the Jena-Eylau campaign. Marbot, as Major Edwards very rightly suggests, is "Brigadier Gerard in Real Life"; his flamboyant style is very reminiscent of Conan Doyle's picturesque hero and his adventures quite as hair-raising. Marbot came through Jena without any serious mishap or disfigurement, but Eylau was a different story. Fortunately for him, just before those operations he had become possessed of a mare named Lisette. He got her for a mere song, 1,000 francs, because she was such an appalling savage and went for anyone she did not like. She had disembowelled one of her former owner's grooms and also damaged many other people. When Marbot got her his groom cured her more or less by going to her with a piping hot leg of mutton in his hands, and when she rushed at him letting her have a bite at that. Marbot also employed the same device, and she was perfectly all right with him and his servant but by no means cured. Now at Eylau the 14th Regiment, who had been living on potatoes and melted snow "for several days," were cut off by a large body of Russian infantry and Cossacks, and the Emperor, by way of gingering them up to further effort, issued orders to Augereau to send one of his A.D.C.'s to tell the O.C. 14th Infantry that a whole brigade of cavalry would be sent to pull them out. Two of Augereau's A.D.C.'s were killed, and then came



LORD AND LADY LISTOWEL AND THEIR CHILDREN

A family group at Oxtou House, Kenton, South Devon. The children are: Lord Ennismore, the heir, the Hon. Richard and the Hon. John Hare, Lady Patricia and Lady Elizabeth Hare. The third son, the Hon. John Hare, the only one absent, is on the Stock Exchange in New York. Lady Listowel is a daughter of the late Lord Derwent and a cousin of the present one

Marbot's turn. Marbot got there, but getting back again was a very difficult and perilous job, and he became involved in a most unpleasant and bloody scrap. He was jammed in and could hardly move, and being burdened by the regimental Eagles, which he was charged to save at all hazards, was having a very thin time, particularly from a most unpleasant-looking Russian officer who was making bad practice trying to run him through the body, and later on by a Russian grenadier. What happened then I think is best told in Marbot's own words:

Among the Frenchmen who had got their flanks against my mare's near flank was a quartermaster-sergeant, whom I knew from having frequently seen him at the marshal's making copies for him of the "morning states." This man, having been attacked and wounded by several of the enemy, fell under Lisette's belly, and was seizing my leg to pull himself up, when a Russian grenadier, too drunk to stand steady, wishing to finish him by a thrust in the breast, lost his balance and the point of his bayonet went astray into my cloak, which at that moment was puffed out by the wind. Seeing that I did not fall, the Russian left the sergeant and aimed a great number of blows at me. These were at first fruitless, but one at last reached me, piercing my left arm, and I felt with a kind of horrible pleasure my blood flowing hot. The Russian grenadier, with redoubled fury, made another thrust at me, but, stumbling with the force he put into it, drove the bayonet into my mare's thigh. Her ferocious instincts being restored by the pain, she sprang at the Russian and at one mouthful tore off his nose, lips, eyebrows, and all the skin of his face, making him a living death's-head, dripping with blood. Then, hurling herself with fury among the combatants, kicking and biting, Lisette upset everything that she met on her road. The officer who had made so many attempts to strike me tried to hold her by the bridle; she seized him by his belly, and carrying him off with ease, she bore him out of the crush to the foot of the hillock where, having torn out his entrails and smashed his body under her feet, she left him dying in the snow.

(Continued on p. xii)



AT SWYNNERTON PARK, STAFFORDSHIRE

A Sunday morning group at Lord Stafford's seat, Swynnerton, Stone, Staffordshire, in which the names are: Back—Miss Herbert, Mr. N. Trappes-Lomax, Admiral the Hon. Sir Edward Fitzherbert, Lord Stafford's brother, Mrs. Cuthbert Fitzherbert; centre—Miss Worthington, Lady Stafford, and Lord Stafford, who is Lord High Steward of Stafford; in front—Mr. Cuthbert Fitzherbert



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THE COVENTRY XV

R. S. Crisp

The names of this team, which won against Leicester in the recent match by 21 points to 8, are, left to right: Back row—H. T. Suddens (hon. secretary), C. H. Broadhurst (match hon. secretary), S. Blake, W. Saxton, A. J. Rowley, R. S. Roberts, A. Walker, A. Wheatley, T. Coulson, A. Hill (touch judge). Middle row—A. C. Campbell, C. Wilkinson, W. E. Lale (captain), A. L. Bill (club president), C. Harriman, S. Bonham, F. Ford, R. W. Barry (referee, Welsh Society of Referees). Front row—A. Gascoigne, F. West

WE do not yet know all there is to be known about the recent British Rugby tour in New Zealand and Australia, but there is no doubt that it has been a big financial success. The profits on the tour will probably be considerably in excess of £30,000, so there is evidently a lot of money in Rugby "down under." So there is in Great Britain too, and there would be a great deal more if the main object of the Unions was to show a profit.

Fortunately that is very far from being the case; they all aim first and foremost at the welfare of the game, and, despite the rumours circulated from time to time, the number of people who make money out of Rugby must be strictly limited. There are, it is said, black sheep in every flock, but they cannot be very numerous in Rugby.

Most of the profits are, of course, in the hands of the Unions, very few clubs can show any considerable gain at the end of a season. That is just as well, for the governing bodies can be trusted to spend the money wisely, which is not always the case with club committees. It is satisfactory to know that most of the spare cash goes back into the game, since it is lent on reasonable terms to clubs who wish to possess their own grounds.

These tourists of ours deserve to receive a very hearty welcome on their return, for they have done very much better than their best friends expected, especially as they had to do without the services of W. H. Sobey, the best scrum-half in the world last season, practically throughout the tour. It is greatly to be hoped that he will be able to resume play on his return, but it is better not to be too sanguine.

Another old Mill Hill boy in the person of R. S. Spong has been one of the successes of the tour, and it is not too much to hope that it may have taught him a good deal. He did excellent work for England last season; his strength and courage were always admirable, but he was not exactly a genius at getting his three-quarters going, and if he has learnt how to make the most of the men behind him he will be twice as valuable. His place in the England side will be contested by H. C. Laird, who has begun the season in brilliant style, and if he remains sound he will be a serious rival to Spong. So,

too, will be T. J. Barrington, the Bristol half, who seems to have come on a lot this season. At any rate, he and his partner, Carter, have had a lot to do with Bristol's startling run of success, which must be very gratifying to Sam Tucker, the veteran captain.

There is another player in the Bristol side of whom we have never yet seen the best, and that is D. Burland, the centre three-quarter, who rarely reaches his highest standard away from his club or county. If he could show the same form in trial matches as he does in ordinary fixtures he would be a much more serious candidate for a cap. Of course down Bristol way they say he ought to have played for England long ago, and considering some of the caps that have been given during the last year or two perhaps the Bristolians are not so very far wrong.

It was very bad luck on W. E. Pratten, the new Blackheath skipper, to get damaged so early in the season. His injury will not let him turn out yet awhile, so Sir Thomas Devitt, the old International wing, has taken over the captaincy. The old Light Blue wing is deservedly popular everywhere, for his speed and dash are always attractive, and despite his light weight he never spares himself. If one or two other famous wings had possessed the same determination they would have been very much more useful. So many of them seem to forget that their main job is to carry the ball across their opponents' line, and they are much too ready to get out of it.

The London Scottish, rather according to custom nowadays, have got badly off the mark this season. They got a tremendous trouncing from the Harlequins the other day, but they were, of course, far from fit, and will do a lot better in a few weeks' time. A powerful London Scottish side is always a big asset to metropolitan Rugby, and W. N. Roughead will have heaps of well-wishers. The Harlequin disaster, by the way, was by no means his fault. His hooking secured possession almost regularly; it was the back division who let the side down. They must have achieved something like a record in one respect, the number of dummies they guilelessly purchased. Many of these were sold to them by J. E. Hutton, who ought surely to have been playing for instead of against the Scottish, since he appeared for Scotland against England last March. Not that that is any overwhelming proof of nationality. "LINE-OUT."



THE LEICESTER XV

R. S. Crisp

Which was beaten at Coventry by the home team 21 to 8. The Coventry team is given above. The names of the actual Leicester team are: C. Manson; W. E. Farndon, C. C. Beaty-Pownall, R. A. Buckingham, G. R. White; H. D. Greenlees, B. C. Gadney (scrum half); D. J. Norman, R. E. K. Wiener, E. G. Coleman, S. H. Saunders, P. S. Clarke, A. H. Greenwood, A. C. Hall, W. I. Kerby

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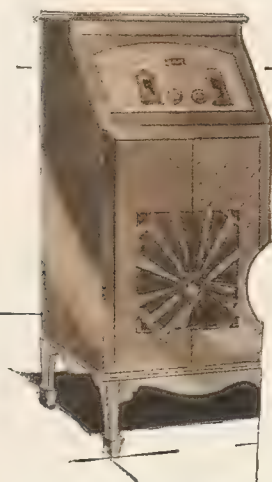
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"The figures were those of Tony and the maid, Germaine"

THE END OF A DREAM

By Silvia McCarthy

YES, yes, yes, Louise was glad to be home. After all, the word still held some meaning for her. There was the flat, perched high in a block of flats, airy and quiet, in spite of the distant roar of the traffic that ran ceaselessly far below in the street. There was the drawing-room window, facing directly over Kensington Gardens, now beginning to clothe themselves again in a faint green blur produced by the sprouting of the little nobs that had for some time promised spring, on every bush and tree. There was her Canaletto opposite the mantelpiece, a picture to be returned to with ever fresh zest and excitement, for never had she quite mastered the details of the street it portrayed, of the houses in that street, of the balconies on those houses, of the people on those balconies, of the clothes on those people.

There were friends to be met again, relations to be visited (a bore, this), some new carpets and chintzes to be chosen. There was life in England to be taken up again after all these months of life abroad; and life in England has a charm to the English individual from which the attractions of foreign existence can never wean him, whatever he may say.

Louise stood at the window and leaned her forehead against the glass of the pane while she looked away over the tree-tops almost as far as distant Bayswater. Her eyes saw nothing, for her mind was busy with a subject that absorbed it to the exclusion of everything else. And that subject was her meeting with Tony that afternoon.

It was two years since she had divorced Tony, and a year and a half since she had spoken to him. They had not even exchanged a letter in all that time. Yet their divorce had been one of the friendly ones so usual in these days; a friendliness which usually masks an aching heart on one side and a resentful

one on the other. However there it was; Louise and Tony had had a friendly divorce, and no bones broken on either side.

After she was free Louise had travelled. She was a rich woman, and there was little that she wanted to do that she could not do. Unfortunately there was one thing she did want to do that she could not, and that was to keep her husband's love. It was a point in Tony's favour that he allowed no consideration of Louise's riches and their possible loss to interfere with his philanderings. For there lay the trouble. Tony was an incurable philanderer, to the uttermost meaning of that word. He said he simply could not help it, and it is very certain that he did not try very hard.

Louise and he had been much in love when they married. Louise was twenty-seven at the time and Tony a year younger. She was rich and very attractive, and for both reasons she was greatly run after. She had refused more men than she could well remember, but to Tony she had succumbed almost from the first moment of their meeting.

So they married.

They did very well for a couple of years, less well for the next two or three years, increasingly badly for the next three years, and worst of all in the eighth year of their marriage, when Louise found that Tony's philanderings had taken him abroad for a month with her most intimate friend.

Louise decided that this was too much. She had known very well of the various affairs Tony had conducted with such success and satisfaction to himself. Sometimes she had persuaded herself that they were passing flirtations, innocent, not to be bothered over. Her inner sense told her very definitely that this was not so, but it is curious how far human beings can lull themselves into the condition of mind they find most comfortable, and Louise became a self-luller, because subconsciously she knew that if she once acknowledged the truth

to herself she would not be able to continue to live with Tony; and she loved him too much to wish this to happen.

But the affair with Joan had been too much. To begin with, it had been thrust under her notice in a manner too marked for even her self-lulling propensities to explain away.

When you see your husband, whom you believe to be on a yacht in the Mediterranean with a party of men friends, emerge from a London hotel early in the morning arm in arm with your best friend, and shepherding a pile of mutual luggage, it means, unless you are very weak-minded indeed, but one thing.

When she told Tony what she had seen he did not attempt to deny it.

"I thought you had known all along," was all he said, at first.

"All along," she echoed. "Have you and Joan been lovers for a long time then?"

Tony looked away, a little embarrassed. "It must be at least three years by now," he acknowledged.

"So you could be faithful to *her* for three years," was his wife's bitter comment.

"Oh, faithful. Well, that's another thing."

She had told him that this was the end, and, after a genuine attempt on his part at a reconciliation during which he had even gone to the length of promising to *try to try* to reform himself, he had given way.

She saw in his eyes that he was really sorry to part with her. It was some slight consolation, but for quite a time the ache in her heart had been so acute that she began to wonder whether that organ would ever recover its original health.

A little time after the divorce Joan had married someone else and was now settled in the country.

Louise's forehead had grown quite cold, and the glass had grown quite warm from the pressure where she leaned against it, as thoughts and memories pursued each other through her mind. Two years, she reflected, was time enough to recover from most things, and she felt that she had quite recovered from the break-up of her married life and the loss of the one man who had interested her. Yes, quite recovered. Nevertheless she was still experiencing the thrill of the shock that had run through her when, walking down Bond Street the previous afternoon, she had come face to face with Tony.

They had both stopped and stared at each other without a word.

He looked a little older, she thought, and a little more serious, but good-looking and well-dressed as ever.

After the first moment's surprise he reached out his hand and gripped hers.

"Louise," he said, with such obvious pleasure that she felt the blood rush into her face. "Louise, how wonderful to meet you like this. I thought you were abroad. This is a bit of luck." His quick eyes travelled all over her, took in every detail of her toilet, and returned to her face. "Lovelier than ever, darling," he said with gay impudence; "I do wish we were still married."

Louise, ignoring the personalities, explained that she had only arrived in England on the previous day, asked him for news of himself, and in general attempted to keep their conversation on the level customary between two friends who have not met for some time.

But it would not do. He simply would not have it so.

It seemed silly to refuse his earnest request that she would come and have tea with him somewhere, so she had assented,

and from the moment when they had turned together down the street and he had slipped his hand inside her arm in the way he always used to do when they were engaged, she knew that she was to be subjected to the assault of his personality, to all the power of the charm which he had for her and for so many others. She knew that he was very glad indeed to see her again, that he was happy in her company; every sense told her that he was admiring her, was aware of her in the way that he had been aware of her when they first knew each other.

As they sat at tea his eyes never left her face. She felt herself becoming shy and embarrassed like a young girl in her first love affair. They talked of what they had done in the past two years, of old friends (a somewhat dangerous topic from which she sensed him shying away), of new friendships formed since their parting, of things done, of places visited. But each one felt that their words only served to fill up the time, and that the thoughts of both were busy with the past . . . and perhaps with the future. Presently his hand closed over hers, and she let it rest, while the old familiar thrill ran through her which his touch had always given.

"Louise" he said quietly, "our divorce was a big mistake. I thought so then, and I've thought so ever since. Don't you think perhaps I'm right?"

She shook her head with a wry little smile.

"It's all very well for you to say so, Tony," she answered. "The way we lived perhaps suited you very well, but it didn't suit me. It's hardly worth going over now, but you know I was very fond of you, and that I . . . shall we say, 'refused to be aware for as long as I could . . . because you *were* very dear. But then it came to this: were you worth to me the loss of self-respect, of the sense of decency, of all ideals? Well, you know how I answered those questions finally. And I still think I was right."

He did not release her hand, but he bent his head and for a while sat silently while she watched him, and noticed with a little ache in her heart the way his hair grew on his forehead with the familiar wave in it as

it sprang strongly up from his temples, a wave that no brushing would ever flatten, a wave against which in the past she had often pressed her cheek. She longed now to run her fingers over it.

"Don't think," he said at last, "that I haven't realized what kind of a beast I was. I knew it then and I know it now. I suppose I'm the kind of man who finds it hard to see a decent-looking woman without getting a bit interested in her. And, Louise—I wouldn't say this to another soul but you, and I feel a cad saying it to anyone, but you know—one gets such a lot of encouragement these days." He smiled for a moment and then became serious again as he resumed.

"I want you to believe me when I tell you that I think I'm different now. From the moment I said good-bye to you you've never been out of my mind. Every woman I've spoken to I've compared with you, and always to her disadvantage. Whatever I've done, whatever I've been, whatever I shall be, you're the one woman in my life. Every man has one woman in his life and every woman one man; they always know it, whatever their other affairs may be, and to me you are that one. I feel at peace when I'm with you, a sort of inside happiness . . . I can't explain it, but it's one of the fundamentals of life to me. Don't you feel it too?"

He looked up into her eyes while she slowly nodded. "I know what you mean," she assented.

As he watched her his eyes kindled and the grasp on her hand tightened.

(Continued on p. xiv)



Wilson Laing

JUDGE AND MRS. R. W. BINGHAM'S PARTY AT GUTHRIE CASTLE

A more or less recent picture from the Highlands, where Judge Bingham of Louisville, Kentucky, and Mrs. Bingham entertained this house party at Guthrie Castle. Included in this group are: Mrs. Norton, Mrs. George Norton, Major A. Crombie, Mrs. R. W. Bingham (the hostess), Mr. Hugh Campbell, Mrs. A. Crombie, Admiral Greatorex, Miss Muldoon, Mrs. Galladan, Prince George Chavchavadze, Miss M. Norton of Louisville, Kentucky, Mrs. and the Misses Guthrie of Guthrie Castle, Miss Henrietta Bingham, Judge R. W. Bingham (the host), and Miss Crombie



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Eve at GOLF

By
ELEANOR E. HELME

A YOUNG lady of Cheshire, so young that she may still be winning the Girls' Championship in 1946, was wheeled up to the Aldeburgh links while the English Championship was approaching



The surprise-springer: Mrs. R. O. Porter, to whom heartiest congratulations are due for her fine feat in reaching the final at Aldeburgh after only four years' acquaintance with golf

one would have been stepping into their shoes, has now begun to slip backwards. A whole race of post-War golfers is just coming to maturity, and right good players they are. Nobody will grudge them their successes; we badly need all of them, and judging by the way they took their wins and their losses at Aldeburgh they will do the golf world nothing but good. They may not all of them be able to putt.

There was a Scottish International of bygone days looking on, and what she had to say about putting would have made an arctic fish hot with shame, but really her remarks were just as applicable to the players of her own generation. Yet some of them were carrying on nobly, so that the young should not have everything their own way, notably Mrs. Latham Hall, who put out that promising Miss Diana Plumpton after she had beaten Miss Judith Fowler, and Mrs. Temple Dobell, who only went out in the round before the semi-final. Whilst we are on the subject of young players let us just make a rough list of them and then be done with it, so that the matches may be discussed on their merits without reference to the age of those who hit these grand shots or pulled desperate matches out of the fire.

First of all the winner, Miss Enid Wilson, age only twenty-one, though she has had three bronze medals in the Open, in the English one silver, and now two gold. Congratulations to her on a thoroughly and richly deserved win. Then two bronze medallists, both aged nineteen, Miss Sylvia Bailey and Miss Audrey Holmes, whose places in Surrey and Essex first teams



Well won: Miss Enid Wilson with the outward and visible proof of her second victory in the English Close Championship

its last stages. "Boys and girls come out to play," she exclaimed joyfully, seeing the large crowd bearing down upon her, and then turned away to make sand castles in the road adjacent to the 8th tee. "Out of the mouth of babes . . ." This was in earnest the girls coming out to play, almost an enlarged edition of Stoke Poges, so youthful in fact that anybody in the thirties must almost have felt as if a bonnet and shawl were indicated, in the forties a bathchair, in the f— . Perhaps we need pursue that train of thought no further. The fact of the matter is, the generation who carried on so nobly after the War, when normally a fresh

of grown-up competitive golf.

As for the runner-up, Mrs. R. O. Porter from Wentworth, according to her own modesty and a certain section of the Press, she made a poor show of it in the final—according to the opinion of her opponent, who after all is the best judge, and of the rest of the golfers, she put up as excellent and plucky a fight as anybody making their first championship venture could hope to do. Miss Wilson was round in the morning in 76; it was surely no disgrace to be 7 down to that, nor even to lose 12 and 11 in this 36-hole match when Miss Wilson took the 7 holes after lunch in only 1 over 4's. Miss Wilson was going all out the whole time, and that in itself is surely sufficient tribute to a gay and gallant loser. Aldeburgh was a delightful spot for a Championship; no course could have been kept in better condition, nor any arrangement more kindly made, and the weather never repeated the evil deeds of the initial morning. The week, indeed, ended in a blaze of sunshine.

From Aldeburgh to Ranelagh, with everyone a little lost amongst the alterations, a shortened 4th, a lengthened 6th, an improved 13th, an unrecognizable 14th, an altered 15th. But alterations or no, it was the same old story of surprises, holders beaten, reigning open champion beaten (a great taking and making of chances, this



Miss Audrey Holmes, semi-finalist in the English and a promising candidate for future golfing honours

are now surely secure. Then Miss Pauline Reed, Somerset champion, who beat Mrs. Percy Garon, Miss Mary Lake, who took Miss Corlett to the last green, Miss Dorothy Marshall, Miss Peggy Whitfield, Miss Barbara Smith, and perhaps the best of all of them, Miss Wanda Morgan, who is only twenty but who followed up her bronze medal in the 1929 by beating Miss Gourlay at the 19th hole this year, although Miss Gourlay was round in 76—a score to make some strong men weep with envy.

That was certainly one of the best matches of the whole Championship, tempting one to use up far more space than is fair. In brief the story is that Miss Gourlay started indifferently and was soon two down, got the lead back to one at the turn, and then came home so grandly in 36 that she had squared it. Miss Morgan, home in 37, had weathered that storm bravely. She has the style for a crisis, free without being floppy, powerful without being clumsy. At the 19th Miss Gourlay faltered and Miss Morgan, in spite of visiting a bunker, had her five and a win. She could not quite keep up that pace next morning against Miss Wilson, and though there were any number of brilliant shots to her credit, experience told, and Miss Wilson got home 3 and 2. Miss Sylvia Bailey, starting brilliantly, took Miss Wilson one hole farther. She is a player with style so good that results must surely soon be invariably first class to match, but she could not stand up to the string of fours with which Miss Wilson opened the homeward journey. Her turn may come before long; last eight in the open and last four in the English is sound enough work for a first year

on the part of Mrs. Latham Hall and Mrs. Ernest Hill), ex-champions, Open, English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh beaten, Veteran and Girl champions surviving, the babies of the meeting out in 34—all very thrilling and surprising. And the same Ranelagh of charm and wonderment as ever. Do they grow geraniums to match the waiters' coats, or dye the coats to match the geraniums? Do members who can eat it any day appreciate what a superfine confection is Ranelagh cake? Do peacocks really like chocolates, and did the grey squirrel haunt the first tee in the hope of finding a stray one? Such queries, and so many others, must wait till next week for answers

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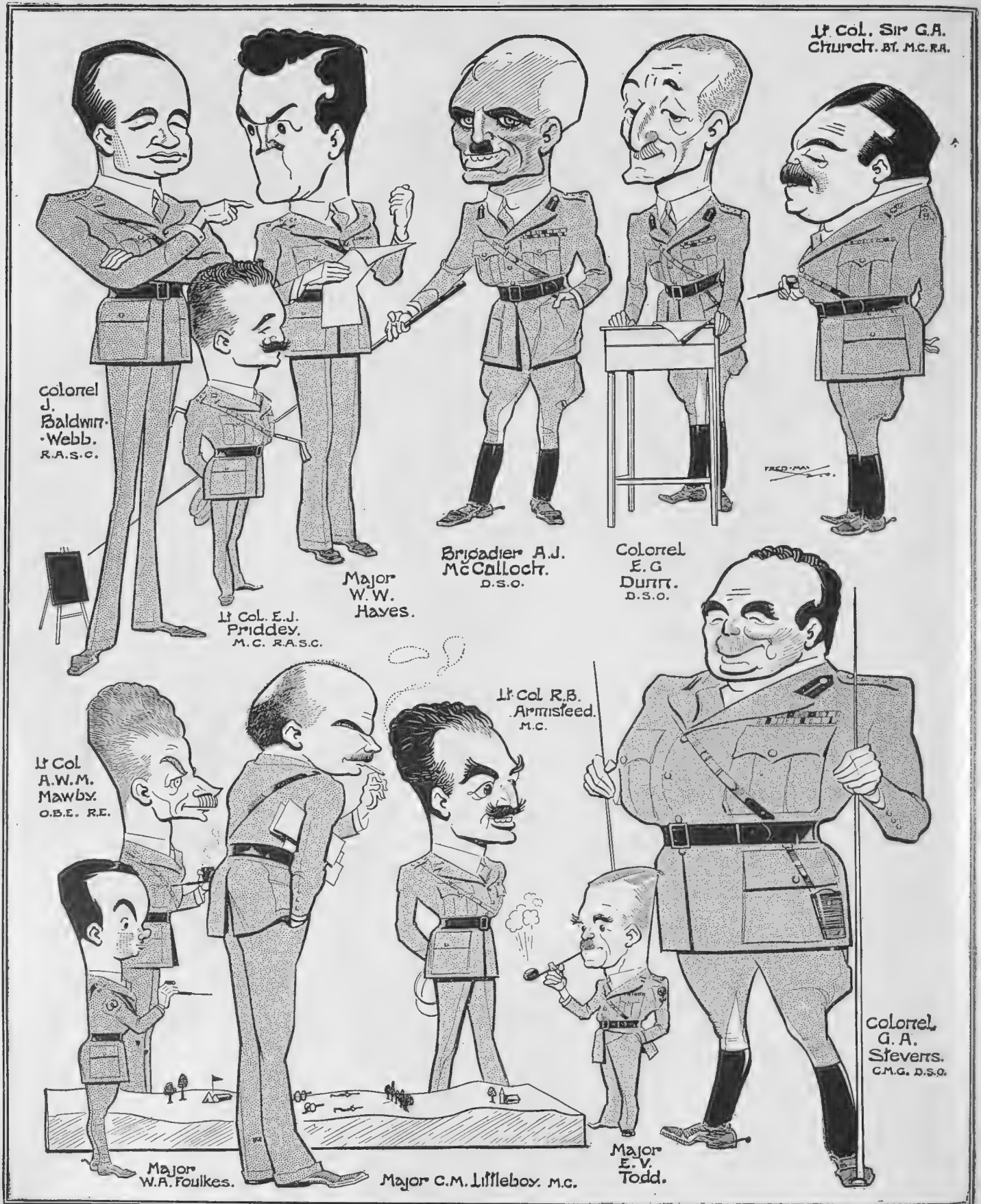
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THE SENIOR OFFICERS' SCHOOL, SHEERNESS



SOME OF THOSE WHO MAKE GENERALS—BY FRED MAY

The Senior Officers' School was projected with the main idea of teaching those destined for command all about what Napoleon and Marlborough, and even Hannibal and Alexander did, and also what Clausewitz and Von der Goltz thought, and it has performed this important function most thoroughly. These pictures were actually made at the course for Senior Territorial Officers, but the whole Army is the school's oyster. Brigadier-General McCalloch is the Officer Commanding, and Colonel Dunn, who formerly commanded the 2nd Ulsters, and Colonel Stevens, are on the Directing Staff. Colonel Stevens is shortly to leave for Jamaica to take over command there. Colonel J. Baldwin Webb, who is contesting the Wrekin Division of Shropshire (Conservative interest), is commanding the 46th North Midland Divisional Train, R.A.S.C., and was the Senior Officer on the course of the Territorial Army

When WIND & RAIN have done their worst -

UNFORTUNATELY one cannot live in a changeable climate such as ours without realising that such changes are not good for one's complexion.

The woman of to-day—keen on motoring—an intrepid driver in any weather and a real sports-woman—is still just as eager to maintain an unblemished complexion as were her sisters of any bygone age.

Modes of living have changed, but to-day Pond's Complete Method of Skin Care is more than a vogue or fashion—it is an established, scientific beauty treatment—used and praised by Britain's most charming women.



The modern woman is never "afraid of the weather." She knows, no matter how much her complexion has been exposed to wind, fog or rain, that she has Pond's Two Creams to revivify, to bring back the bloom and freshness, to soothe and to protect against the elements. That is why you will find "Eve," confident in the welfare of her complexion, driving a car all the year round.

2/6, Reduced from 3/-

Pond's Beauty Box is an artistically modern coffret, containing jars of Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream, a bottle of Skin Freshener and cotton wool for applying it, and a supply of Cleansing Tissues. It forms an ideal introduction to POND'S, whether for yourself or in the form of a present.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER

Please send me your special Sample Box containing Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Vanishing Cream and your two new preparations, Pond's Cleansing Tissues and Pond's Skin Freshener, for which I enclose Postal Order or stamps for 6d.

Name

Address

Post to POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept 14)
103 St. John St., London, E.C.1



As these tuck-in jumpers are Celes they are all-British. An artistic bow with pendant ends and embroidery are used for decorative purposes for the one on the left, while pleats increase the charm of the one on the right

Studies in Black and White.

ALTHOUGH there are few dresses in *It's a Boy* at the Strand Theatre they are of absorbing interest. Marjorie Brooks is faithful to black and white; surely nothing could suit her better. She is first seen in a coat-frock of black broadtail cloth, the corsage portion arranged to suggest a short coat with a basque at the back. On the left shoulder an enormous white ermine bow alights; the ends are carried across the back; one falls over the right shoulder and the other forms the upper part of the sleeve. The black hat is relieved with white and the scheme is completed with an ermine muff of the melon character and white gloves which extend nearly to the elbows. Her other dress is of white chiffon with lozenge-shaped panels of white spotted with black; these are present at the back and front and extend from the neckline to the hem. The sleeved bolero is of black chiffon patterned with white. The wide scarf is of interest as it rests against the column of the throat in front, the wide ends falling over the shoulders. In the last Act this clever actress is seen in a studio suit; the pleated trousers are of purple satin piped with white, while the tuck-in jumper and three-quarter coat is of white satin piped with purple.

Simple Frocks.

As the young wife in this play, Vesta Sylva assumes very simple affairs. Her brown tweed suit has the skirt arranged with box-pleats and a narrow dark brown belt; the neckline and sleeves are finished with strappings to match the belt. Her handkerchief is of light brown crêpe de chine outlined with dark brown. Later in the Act she dons a tweed coat collared with fox. Crushed mulberry chiffon is the fabric which makes another of her dresses; the skirt has an uneven hem, the draperies falling in graceful folds. There is a bolero with scalloped edges and narrow belt; the tight-fitting sleeves are so long that they nearly reach the knuckles. Bracelets are worn over and not under the sleeves. Connie Ediss is very particular regarding

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

her handkerchiefs; she carries with her blue georgette dress and velvet coat enriched with chinchilla one in which blue and grey are present, and with her yellow lace dress piped with blue there is one in which these colours share honours.

Something for Everyone.

There were many Parisian models at Russell and Allen's (Old Bond Street, W.) Dress Show, as well as their own interpretations of Fashion's commands. The requirements of the little people have received the utmost consideration; naturally the tiny tots who acted as mannequins were warmly applauded. It was evident that all who had denizens of the nursery to dress and equip made a mental note that their winter outfits should come from these salons. There were party frocks of organdi and others of satin, and woollies of every kind. Very proud was the little man of 3½ years of age with his blue satin page's suit, while the little girl showed a decided preference for her bright red coat and hat whose fount of inspiration was evidently the raiment that is ever associated with little Red Riding Hood.

Things that are Different.

In this parade of fashion were a number of chiffon dresses; there were no two alike; they had been created for various types of women. Attention to detail was everywhere to be encountered. For instance a black lace dress was worn with a turquoise-blue velvet coat; the sleeves were faced with black lace. A lovely white chiffon dress embroidered with crystals had an adaptable accessory; it suggested a bolero in front, while at the back were wide scarf ends that nearly reached the hem of

(Continued on p. iv)



Light and warm is this three-piece suit from Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; the jumper and cardigan are of Botany wool and the skirt of Botany serge. (See p. iv)



The acme of smartness is this Persian lamb coat; the handsome collar and cuffs are of sable squirrel. It may be seen at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. (See p. iv)



Photo by Maurice Beck & Macgregor

"THERE IS NO SKIN
WHICH CANNOT BE
BROUGHT TO
PERFECTION"



says Frances Hemming

"but every skin needs special advice, special care"

Now that the sunburn craze is definitely dead, it is time to set about acquiring the delicately lovely milk-and-roses complexion that is the proper accompaniment of our new, subtly feminine frocks. Frances Hemming, who knows more about the idiosyncrasies of the English skin than any woman in Europe, is waiting to give you full and free advice about the perfecting of yours.

In her cool, restful Cyclax salons, miracles are worked; miracles made possible by years of patient research and amazing knowledge. Frances Hemming does not believe in drastic treatments; she has no faith in electricity or in dragging finger massages which tire and stretch the skin. But under the magic touch of her experts, sun-coarsened skins take on the whiteness and transparency of a child's. Those hateful little lines round eyes and mouth are

smoothed away and kept away. For Frances Hemming's Cyclax method is one which brings your skin gently and naturally to perfection and retains that perfection indefinitely.

Miss Hemming is most anxious that you should call in person so that she or one of her experts can study your skin *herself* and see just what it needs. Follow this great specialist's advice and you will be able to watch your skin growing lovelier week by week.

But if you live too far away or are too busy to call at the Cyclax Salons for this free consultation, don't despair. Write to Frances Hemming; tell her all your beauty problems. She will advise you by letter, fully, carefully, promptly. And ask, too, for her very interesting book "*The Cyclax Way to Loveliness*" which is full of fascinating information.

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The following preparations in the Cyclax Home Treatment will keep your skin in perfect condition

SPECIAL LOTION

To give your skin transparent clearness
5/6, 10/6, 20/-

SKIN FOODS

That are bracing and amazingly nourishing
4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-

COMPLEXION MILK

(Astringent) refines and whitens the skin
4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-

BLENDED LOTION


The perfect daytime protection and finish
4/6, 8/6, 16/-, 30/-

FACE POWDER

Made in shades to suit all types of skin
3/6 and 6/6

You can buy Frances Hemming's wonderful Cyclax preparations at all good chemists, hairdressers and stores

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



FURS



Pictures by Blak

The great furriers are adapting furs to the silhouette, treating the skins so that they are as soft and supple as silk, and then working them up into artistic designs. Consequently the coats have a slimming effect on the figure like these from Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W. The chef d'œuvre on the left is of broadtail, its charm increased with cocoa-dyed ermine, while the one on the right is entirely fashioned of moleskin. The sleeves are of great interest, and so is the collar

COTY

PERFUMED MANICURE ESSENTIALS



THE world's foremost perfumer now brings the mode for beautiful hands to exquisite perfection in Coty Perfumed Manicure Essentials.

Scented with rare Coty parfum and flaconed in chic containers, these preparations give fragrance and beauty to the hands, while lending adornment to the toilette table.

Relegated to the past are the unpleasant odours of chemicals in a varied assortment of unsightly bottles. Beautiful finger nails are now assured, using delicate oils, essences and unguents, which make manicuring an interesting ceremony rather than an irksome task.



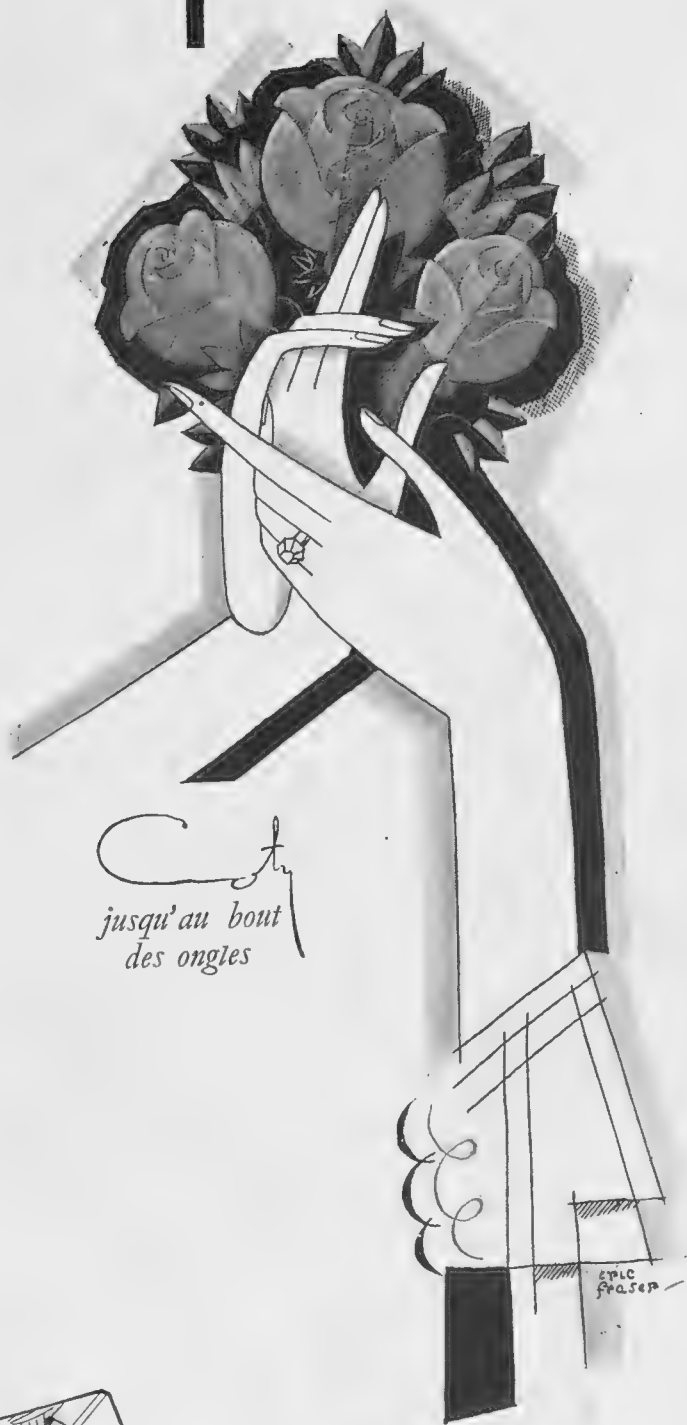
Obtainable at the
smarter Shops

Accessories may be bought separately :

Nail Polishing Stone	-	-	2/-
Paste Polish	-	-	2/6
Cuticle Cream	-	-	2/6
Liquid Polish	-	-	3/6
Polish Solvent	-	-	2/9
Cuticle Remover	-	-	3/6
etc.			

Write for Manicure Booklet to :—

COTY (England) LTD., COTY HOUSE, 3 STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON. W.1



A BEAUTIFUL and original removable fitted tray, containing Liquid Polish, Polish Solvent, Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream and Nail White, Nail Brush, Emery Boards, Professional File, Cotton Rolls and genuine Orange Sticks in glass tube.

27/6

Smaller sizes :

18/6 & 23/6

C.F.H. 86

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—cont.

the skirt. A new note was struck with the picture-frocks of broderie anglaise; some were relieved with silver while others were plain. In the realm of fashions for day-time wear the coat-frocks were well represented. A striking model was cut on the lines of a Directoire coat. Flat panniers were an innovation that have much to be said in its favour. The Russian tunic was also present in several attractive guises.

* * *

"The Gates of Fashion."

As the "Gates of Fashion," with a scene from Hampton Court in the background, were flung open, beautifully dressed mannequins entered the arena of Swan and Edgar's (Piccadilly, W.) dress parade. The large audience were so impressed with this idea that a dead silence reigned, broken only by the announcer. As studio suits and pyjamas now occupy a prominent rôle in the world of fashion, they lead the way; it is no exaggeration to state that in them were anticipated the modes of 1931. The fabricating mediums were studies in artistic colour scheme. Admirable foils to these were the fashions for the sportswoman. A striking novelty was a Shetland wool jumper which tucked into the skirt and crossed over. It was seen in conjunction with a tailored suit. Wrap-coats followed; a number were under 7 guineas and the others were over; they were trimmed with fur. The value present in the evening dresses and coatees must be seen to be appreciated; the very latest commands of Fashion were mirrored in them. Although the parades are over, Swan and Edgar will be pleased to show their collection to anyone who mentions the name of this paper. Fashions for children were not included, nevertheless it must be related that this firm does excel in everything that is necessary for the denizens of the nursery.

* * *

Fur-trimmed Coats.

Variety is the keynote of the fashions of to-day, and as a consequence it is a simple matter to introduce the individual note. All in quest of coats that are endowed with an air of distinction must wend their way to the salons of Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. Many of the models were created in Paris, and there is a luxury about them that it is impossible to do justice to in words. There is much to please in the *chef d'œuvre* pictured on this page; it is of black velvet enriched with mink dyed squirrel; it could, of course, be copied in broadtail fabric, for which there is an immense vogue. Faced cloth is used for some of the other coats, enriched with skunk. There are a variety of models of this character; they are ideal companions for a Rolls-Royce. It must not be imagined that it is only in coats for those who have not to consider pounds, shillings, and pence too carefully that this firm excels, as they make a feature of inexpensive coats. For instance there are tweed ones with adaptable collars of nutria lamb for 90s., and there are others of diagonal cloth with grey squirrel collars for 6 guineas. Illustrations of these will be seen in the catalogue, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free.



A FASHIONABLE COAT

Carried out in black velvet enriched with mink dyed squirrel. The waist-line is slightly emphasized, which is somewhat higher than it was last season. The collar and revers are adjustable. This veritable triumph has gone into residence in the salons of Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W.

* * *

Furs at Pleasant Prices.

Those that are versed in weather lore are declaring that the coming winter will be exceptionally cold, therefore all and sundry will be well advised to take time by the forelock and consider the subject of investing in a fur coat. The City Fur Store's (64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.) new catalogue is ready, and will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that there is no shop-window and that the salons are situated on the first floor. It was there that the coat pictured on this page was sketched; it is of Persian lamb with collar and cuffs of sable squirrel; of it one may become the possessor for 59 guineas. Wonderful value is present in the French seal coney coats trimmed with natural skunk for 16 guineas; it is one of those gilt-edge investments that one does not often encounter in these days. Coats of moleskin are 21 guineas, those of natural musquash flank being 19 guineas.

* * *

Scotch Made Suits.

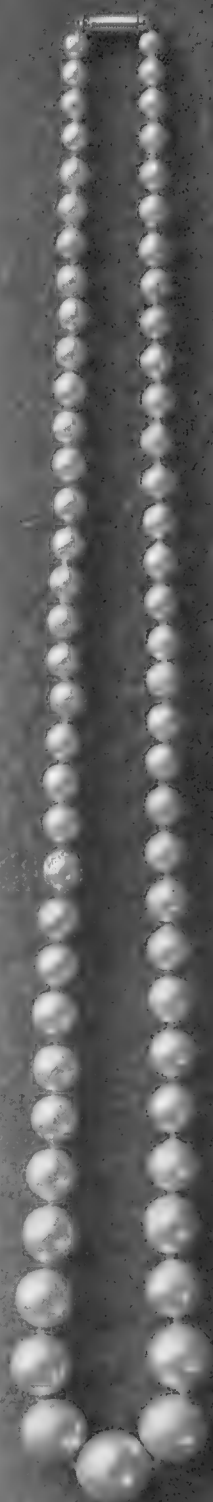
For more years than one cares to acknowledge remembering the name of Greensmith Downes, George Street, Edinburgh, has been one to conjure with where Scotch knit wear is concerned. To them must be given the credit of the suit pictured on page 146; the tuck-in jumper and cardigan are of medium weight Botany wool, the skirt being of Botany serge; the outfit is £4 14s. 6d. In the catalogue there are illustrations of other suits all representing capital value; it will be sent gratis and post free. Wool jersey cloth dresses with tweed effects are 63s.; the back of the bodices are gathered into the waist to give a pouched effect; the flared skirts are moulded over the hips. For half a guinea there are lace-stitch Alba spencer coats with pockets.

* * *

The Gift of Figure Beauty.

A remark that is often made is, What a pretty face, but what a pity the figure has been allowed to run to seed. It is splendid news, therefore, that the Berlei figure foundation garments have come to England, as for an exceptionally moderate outlay every woman is able to bestow on herself that priceless gift of figure beauty. Remember, a good corset gives graceful poise when walking or standing. The triumph of these corsets is the classification of womanhood into five basic figure types; it is the cubic content of the trunk that is considered. All that is necessary to have done when being fitted for these garments is to have three simple measurements taken, then the type of figure can be determined in a moment. These garments ensure the complete figure control essential to figure beauty; they are noteworthy on account of their comfort and their grace of line. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Berlei, 208a, Regent Street, W., who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent with further details of their foundation garments and type indicator.

The finest tribute to **Ciro Pearls**



is the women who wear them.

That alone says more for their beauty than all the praise which language can bestow.

They are worn and treasured by women who are denied nothing.

Proving conclusively that beauty is the primary, and economy only a secondary cause, for the fame of these celebrated pearls.

At the theatre, at the opera, at dinner, at the dance, **Ciro Pearls** and deep-sea pearls mingle as freely as guests.

Their identity is a secret.

You yourself can wear and compare **Ciro Pearls** without risking a penny piece. Come and see them at any **Ciro** salon. Or on receipt of their cost we will send you a necklet of **Ciro Pearls** which you can keep for a fortnight. If at the end of that time you do not wish to keep them, return them to us and your money will be refunded immediately—in full.

Send for new "**Ciro Pearls**" and "**Ciro Jewellery**" Catalogues

*Photographic reproduction of the famous **Ciro Pearl** necklet 15" long (complete with gold clasp in case) One Guinea.*

Ciro Pearls

CIRO PEARLS LTD. (Dept. 8), 178 REGENT STREET AND 48 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.			
CITY: 120 Cheapside, E.C.	MANCHESTER: 14 St. Ann's Square.	LIVERPOOL: 23 Church Street.	GLASGOW: 95 Buchanan Street.
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DUBLIN: at Switzers.	BRISTOL: at J. F. Taylor, Ltd.	EDINBURGH: at Jenners.	

Rats Driven from Home by Radio

By EAMON GARRY

Almost imperceptibly broadcasting is becoming a great national industry, as it is already a great national entertainment. In a dozen different centres the B.B.C. have stations or depôts where the work of supplying nearly 4,000,000 homes with music, drama, and education is conducted by more than a thousand workers. It is so easy to instinctively associate the broadcast programme with Savoy Hill that it almost comes as a shock to know that most of the programmes originate in places other than Savoy Hill.

And now a new studio has been added to the B.B.C. centres. I recently outlined in THE TATLER the formation of the new B.B.C. National Orchestra, but no one knew at that time that the size of the orchestra was so large that Savoy Hill could not contain it. The same space restrictions affect the National Chorus that the B.B.C. has formed. And so a studio large enough to permit the 120-strong orchestra to operate has been secured. It is a wharf on the south bank of the Thames just below Waterloo Bridge!

This huge barn of a place has stood empty for some time, but it is now being transformed into a palace of music. Even the arches of the bridge that surround the property are being pressed into service, and at least one will be used in which to store the instruments.

The rehearsal room is a long and lofty ground floor built alongside a three-storey building where cloak-rooms will be fixed up. The main room will accommodate about 250 people and is about 30 ft. high. Its acoustic properties have been tested and found satisfactory.

The concrete floor has been carpeted, the bare drab walls are

distempered, and the roof is draped. Heating apparatus is installed and the B.B.C. are fitting in extra electric light.

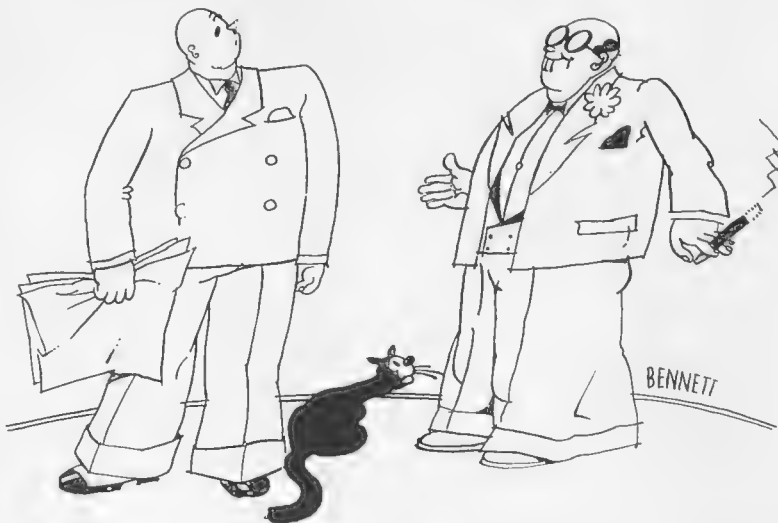
When the warehouse home of the musicians and singers is completely adapted it will be a snug, comfortable place. Some of the upper rooms will be furnished to accommodate the administrative side of the orchestra.

Already the Wireless Military Band and the Gershom Parkinson Quintet have broadcast from the new studio, although Jack Payne refused to on account of an alleged echo. This derelict wharf-warehouse, which was overrun with rats and hung with cobwebs a month ago, is now a gay-looking room in pale yellow and green, with a sort of canopy of green and yellow material for a ceiling 25 ft. above the floor. It is more than 4,000 sq. ft. in area and nearly square, the dimensions being roughly 60 ft. by 70 ft.

It is just about five times as big as Number 1 Studio, the biggest at Savoy Hill. It is bigger than the huge studio planned for the B.B.C.'s new headquarters in Portland Place.

Outside the studio is a control room, and upstairs several offices and rooms for the orchestra. Between the studio and the River Thames the warehouse space remains derelict, in the same state as the studio was a month ago.

Month after month the B.B.C. are enlarging their activities. Within a few months the new North Regional Station at Slough will be opened. A few months later "Radio City"—the new B.B.C. headquarters near the Queen's Hall—will become a hive of broadcasting industry. And so it goes on. Proving that radio is entering more and more into the life of the nation. There are still 9,000,000 homes without radio, but this number is rapidly dwindling, so that within five years the person without a radio set will be regarded somewhat as a curio.



Actor: I'm just the man for broadcast
Wireless Official: Yes. Have you had any experience of acting without an audience?
Actor: That's what I mean!

The New 'DEAUVILLE' DESIGN in COMMUNITY PLATE

The gift giving season is nearly upon us. Christmas will soon be here. Silverware makes charming presents and this beautiful new Deauville design in Community Plate is just the sort of thing that will be really appreciated. Community gives you a wonderfully varied choice—all kinds of lovely silverware at every sort of price—gift sets from 3/6 or a magnificent canteen costing a score of guineas. And remember that every piece of Community is overlaid with pure silver at the wearing parts and guaranteed for 50 years.

Examples of
Community Prices:
Set of six teaspoons - 10/6
" " dessert spoons - 19/-
" " tablespoons 22/6



At all
leading
silversmiths

Registered Design No. 750355

Canteens from
eight guineas.

Write for our beautifully illustrated free folder "HINTS FOR THE MODERN HOSTESS"
Address your request to THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN, British Oneida Community Ltd. Walkley Lane Sheffield

LOUD CHEERS!
it's an 'ivory' tip!



The purest of tips, the smoothest
of tips—where will you find it ex-
cept on those divine De Reszkes?

DE RESZKE

Virginias 10 for 6d.

A NON-COUPON CIGARETTE

Turks 20 for 1/-

Topics of Varied Interest

Fashions in Hairdressing.

In harmony with the fashionable Empire dresses and Victorian bustles, the coiffures of the season introduce curls at the nape of the neck or framing softly the face. The modes make this more feminine coiffure essential, and where Nature will not adapt herself easily, art must step into the breach. Sketched on this page is a charming coiffure carried out by that well-known artist in hair, M. Nicol of 170, New Bond Street, W. It is made entirely of naturally wavy hair and is absolutely indistinguishable from Nature. Head-dresses and transformations can be obtained in these salons either with short hair and detachable chignons or made with the longer hair becomingly dressed. Transformations range from 15 guineas, and shingled head-dresses from 20 guineas. Permanent waving is also carried out most successfully by these skilled experts. A brochure giving details of every branch of hairdressing will be sent post free on request.

Superfluous Hair Overcome.

There is nothing that causes more mental annoyance or is more disfiguring than superfluous hair on the face and neck, and it is a trouble that sufferers therefrom know full well will increase rather than diminish unless steps be taken to overcome it. Mrs. Dudley, 133, Regent Street, W., is particularly successful in the removal of these hairs, and as she is very sympathetic women need not hesitate in discussing this blemish freely with her. By the way there is no fee for consultation. She is enthusiastic regarding the revitalization of the skin. She believes in aids to Nature, i.e., persuading the skin to become beautifully soft and free from impurity. All interested in the subject should write to her for the interesting brochure, "The Care of the Skin." It will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

This fashionable coiffure with soft curls, framing the face and neck, is in harmony with the season's Empire silhouette. It was designed and carried out by that well-known artist in hair, M. Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, W.

A Luxurious Wireless Set.

Everyone has been talking about a luxurious wireless set that was shown at Olympia by Kolster Brandes, Ltd. Outwardly it is a magnificent 5-ft. figured walnut bureau, but within is a highly efficient five-valve screened grid receiver that will bring in almost any station on the speaker. The volume is enormous—amply sufficient to fill the Albert Hall—yet a touch of a dial will tone it down to a mere whisper. In addition there are two electric-gramophone turn-tables, and so that the owner of the 250-guinea set need never stop listening to it, there is a special device to blend the end of a record on the one turn-table into the beginning of one on the other. The cabinet also contains cupboards, one for records and one for cocktails. In addition to producing this standard set at a price of 250 guineas, K-B have also gone to the other extreme, and are bringing out immediately an entirely new two-valve receiver complete with loud-speaker for £3 5s. It is to be known as the "K-B Pup," and the price of £3 5s. includes royalties but excludes valves.

Innoxa Perfumes.

It really is impossible to convey in words the elusive fragrance of the Innoxa perfumes. There is a kind for every mood and every type of woman. The names will suggest when they should be adopted. They include Fleurs des Bois, Gardenia, Inspiration, Narcissus, Marguerite, and Dream Garden. They are sold in three sizes, 7s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and 22s. 6d. A tiny drop, or really merely a touch of one of them, creates an atmosphere that softly assails the senses. A few words must be said about the Innoxa Beauty Preparations, which may be obtained from Les Salons de Beauté, 38, Old Bond Street, W. Too much cannot be said in favour of the Complexion Milk, 3s. 6d. a bottle. In addition to soothing and cleansing the skin the ingredients percolate into the pores and help the tissues to regain their full strength, thus rejuvenating the cells and causing the complexion to radiate a youthful, healthy glow.



London's leading Hostesses, including the Countess of Oxford & Asquith, dine by "Nell Gwynn" candle-light.

The Charm of "Nell Gwynn" Candles

THE perfect success of any social affair depends on atmosphere. To obtain this when dining, nothing is so important as the decoration and the lighting of the table.

In themselves, "Nell Gwynn" Candles form a lovely adornment to the dining table, but light them and then see how beautiful is "Nell Gwynn" Candle-light—soft, mellow and alluring. Watch how the silver sparkles and the glassware gleams. When your guests forgather note how, by candle-light, the older ones look young again, how, too, the beauty of youth is enhanced. Here is warmth, hospitality, romance. Everyone is at ease. Talk flows wittily and without constraint.

For burning on the dining table we specially recommend "Nell Gwynn" 'ANTIQUE' Candles; these taper artistically throughout their length, and being solid dyed, not surface tinted, the candle cup is of the same colour as the candle itself.

Decorative value of "Nell Gwynn" Candles

"Nell Gwynn" Candles possess wonderful decorative value; they are slender and lovely in shape and are made in 36 different hues to tone with any colour scheme. They will bring a much wanted touch of colour to gloomy winter rooms.

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are made by the centuries-old firm, J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., London, S.E. 1, and can be obtained in many sizes and ten different varieties.

A Most Welcome Gift

"Nell Gwynn" Candles have always been most acceptable gifts. They are inexpensive, the smallest size costing only 9d. per box of two candles. Now there is a special new gift box containing four 14" Candles with four coloured candlesticks to match. This lovely box costs only 5/-

For further information, please write for a delightful free booklet with coloured illustrations called "Lights of Other Days," J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. W., London, S.E.1. Established 1642, in the reign of Charles I.

Your

skin

needs

LUXURIA

morning

and

evening!



Luxuria cleansing cream is vitally necessary to your skin. In the few moments it takes to smooth it over your face and neck it does three important things—

Brings to the surface all the hidden dust and grime that darken the skin and distend the pores:

Nourishes and preserves the skin's own natural oils:

Whitens and refines the skin, leaving it clear and fresh and supple.

Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

Write to Sefton-Dodge Limited 150 Regent Street, London, W.1, for a fascinating free booklet called 'All for Beauty,' which tells you about the wonderful Harriet Hubbard Ayer Beauty Preparations.

HARRIET

HUBBARD

AYER

INC

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Wherever an interest is taken in deerhounds the name of the Misses Loughrey is well known. They will go down in the history of the deerhound among those who have done the most to bring about the revival of this beautiful breed, and they must be pleased to see the result of their labours in the increasing number of people who keep these lovely dogs, and also in the number of entries at shows. It is not for me to praise the famous dogs which have borne the affix of Ross; their fame is world-wide. The dogs of the Misses Loughrey are remarkable, in addition to their wonderful type and character, for their straightness and soundness and the splendid condition in which they are always put down. Miss Loughrey sends a portrait of the famous Champion Padraic of Ross. This dog is too well known to need any description. It is good news for the deerhound fancier that the Misses Loughrey have some very nice young stock for sale, including some of Champion Æsthetic's pups. Miss Loughrey says "They are great pups, nearly six months old." She also says, "I would

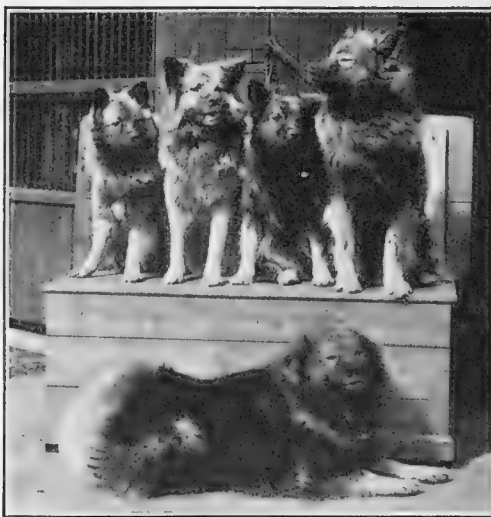


NYMPHÆA SWIFT

The property of Miss Graham Weall

like to see them all grow up, but the old folk live on so cheerfully and take up such a lot of kennels." There is also a lady aged a year and a half; she has a lovely head, sound as a bell, very intelligent, but has rather a profuse coat, so is to go to a good home as soon as may be.

Miss Graham Weall sends a photograph of her white poodle, Nymphæa Swift; he is a big winner and a good sire and is at stud. The picture shows what a smart dog he is; Miss Graham Weall has also two plums for sale in the shape of an apricot dog and bitch. The dog has won every time he has been shown. The bitch is unshown as



PRIZE-WINNING KEESHONDS

The property of Mrs. Wingfield Digby

for the long journey by annexing was also showing Keeshonds, and the Misses Loughrey and Mrs. Nagle were doing well in their respective breeds. The Scottish K.C. Show is always particularly strong in gun dogs, and this year was no exception.

I have an application for a kennel manageress for a famous greyhound kennel, to live in. Must be able to drive a car. This is a very good job.

All letters should be addressed to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, near Southampton.

her coat is backward, but Miss Graham Weall considers her the better of the two. These are really good specimens and will only be sold for a fair price, which they are well worth as the colour is most rare; in fact Miss Weall does not know of any others in England. She says the father of the apricots is a dog getting on in years but still very sprightly; he walked to the summit of Snowdon and back in August. The mother is a famous person and was best poodle bitch at Brighton this year.

The now popular Keeshond owes its introduction to England to Mrs. Wingfield Digby, who first saw these dogs in Holland twenty-five years ago, and brought some back and has had them ever since. Mrs. Digby finds them excellent companions and takes them everywhere. She sends a group of some of her well-known prize-winners. Mrs. Digby has not only been successful in showing these dogs, but almost every prize-winner is descended from her famous dogs.

The Show of the Scottish K.C. at Edinburgh was the success it always is. Among members showing and winning were the Duchess of Montrose, Lady Howe, Lady Burton, Lady Gooch, and Mrs. Mannooch. The latter two ladies were rewarded championships. Mrs. Wingfield Digby



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Pictures in the Fire—continued

Then, taking the road by which she had come, she made her way at a full gallop towards the cemetery of Eylau. Thanks to the hussar's saddle on which I was sitting I had kept my seat.

Though left for dead in the snow, Marbot survived and lived to be personally decorated by the Emperor. The cavalry of those days certainly did see a bit of life and prevented war from descending to the vulgar and unseemly brawl which it has since become.

None can complain that we are entering upon the winter of some people's discontent without plenty of things to interest us and to enlarge our minds. The disclosure about the size in boots which the Cossacks wore during the War—nineteens—and this statement by Dr. Davies at the Hair-Dressers' Conference at Brighton that the hair that once has bloomed for ever dies, and that it is a silly superstition which connects balditude with brains. It is always so refreshing when one finds someone with the courage of his opinions, and Dr. Davies is a very Curtius thus to defy the thunders of (and also possible assassination by) the whole race of barbers. He has slipped it across them properly, and the innuendo is quite unmistakable. Thanks to Dr. Davies, no longer will these persons have the face to say "And anything for the toilet to-day, sir? This is a wonderfulair-ionic wemikeit ourselves!" Dr. Davies, with a disregard for the law of libel which excites our admiration, has called the whole boiling of them flaming liars. He also says that there is a nice little independence waiting for anyone who can invent something that will cause even a little scrub to grow on the Sahara desert of the heads of the hairless. Surely in these days when scientific agriculture is so far advanced someone ought to

be able to dodge it somehow? Would it not be possible to find at least one key to Baldpate, and by a little judicious ploughing and harrowing, plus a bit of sowing and mulching, raise a bit of a crop? Even if it only amounted to a few hirsute thistles it would be something. It is quite unlike our scientists to lie down and squeal.



MR. C. B. H. AND LADY SYBIL PHIPPS

At the recent 'chasing meeting at Stratford-on-Avon, where runners were plentiful and W. Stott added a brace of winners to his account. Lady Sybil Phipps is the second of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's daughters, and Mr. C. B. H. Phipps was formerly in the 1st Life Guards

A friend of other days has been kind enough to send me the following amusing little yarn about the almost criminal nature of garrulity in the dewy dawn, and concerns his trying adventures with a lady and a subaltern when driving to a meet of some hounds in India, where all this sort of thing happens at the squeak of day. My friend writes:

Your remarks, dear "Sabretache," on the virtues of silence on cubbing mornings remind me of two little happenings in India where, as you well know, one has to make an early start.

I was driving a charming newcomer to the station to the meet and, as we left cantonments, it was just light enough to see the gaol and the execution shed. I pointed these out to her, and her somewhat peevish reply was: "You drag me out of bed in the middle of the night and show me where they hang people and expect me to be amused!"

Later in the season I was driving her out together with a subaltern who had asked for a lift. I had learned my lesson, but the sub. was chatty and presently said of a brother sub.: "I don't care about him, he talks too much." The retort came swiftly but sleepily—"You are not exactly a dome of silence yourself, are you?"

In the days of ancient Greece they used to say something about people having a "bull upon their tongues." This I always believed must have referred to those who were verbose to the point of boredom. Some people, however, as we know, have a whole herd of cattle, or even of elephants, upon their tongues when they attempt to tell you of even the simplest happenings in their lives.

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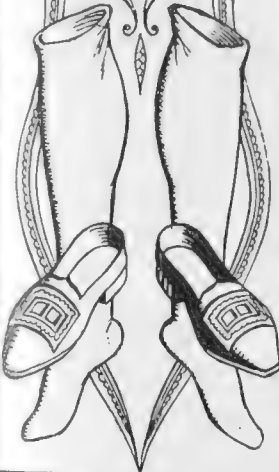


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The End of a Dream—continued

"How lovely you are," he exclaimed, "I wish single life didn't suit you so well."

She smiled mischievously.

"Why single?" she asked. "For all you know I may have married again and am as happy as can be."

For a moment his expression stiffened into a look of almost horror, but the laugh in her eyes reassured him.

"Oh, sweetheart," he said, "you gave me such a fright. But I should have known by instinct if there had been anyone else. There's only one man in the world for you to marry again, and here he sits," and as he spoke he turned up the palm of her hand and pressed his lips against it.

Louise knew that she was falling under the spell of his old attraction for her. Her mind seemed to detach itself into two portions, one of which rejoiced at his presence, at his desire for her, at her rekindling love for him, and the possibilities that loomed ahead, while the other stood aloof, watching her reactions, faintly disapproving, faintly pitying, wholly analytical. The emotional half took sway, and she found herself suddenly feeling amazingly happy.

Could he see her that evening, he begged?

No, not that evening.

Might he see her the next day?

Well, perhaps the next day.

It was arranged that he should dine with her at her flat the next evening.

Louise's forehead was really half petrified with its contact against the glass, and the pane had developed a misty halo round the place where her head leaned. The gardens opposite were disappearing in the gathering gloom, and the omnibuses and motors, as they flashed by in endless succession down below, had developed fiery eyes.

It was time to dress for dinner.

There was a wonderful dress Louise had been keeping to wear on some special occasion when she might wish to create a great impression.

She decided that the moment had come, and when she was dressed she knew she was right.

She stood in front of her long glass and studied herself from every angle. Her ashen fair hair, brushed straight back as always from her forehead, set off the modelling of her face, with its high cheek-bones and small square jaw, to the best possible advantage. Her grey eyes with their brown lashes glowed back at herself, and her mouth quite decidedly

reddened, parted happily over a set of perfect teeth. The wonderful dress of lace fitted her like a skin until it decided to flow into billows, and indicated the beautiful body it covered.

She was looking at the reflection of a lovely woman, and she knew it.

Her maid was discreetly complimentary. She was a Belgian girl, dark, black-eyed, white-skinned, and quite the best maid Louise had ever had.

"Madame is always beautiful," she said, sensing that to-night her comments would not be resented, "but never has she been so beautiful as she is to-night."

Louise thanked the girl quietly, and leaving her to tidy up, she went to the drawing-room, where she sank into a chair by the fire. She had been thinking and thinking, God knows, hour after hour, since her meeting with Tony; yet still she felt she must go on thinking, for ponder as she might she got no further.

She knew that Tony was going to ask her to remarry him. She knew that she wanted to. She had not been happy in the way she was now happy for many years. Yet, yet, there was the other side. She had gone through great torment of mind and heart at the time of her divorce, and if she married her husband again all this would seem to have been endured for nothing. The recollection of the misery and humiliation, only half acknowledged, of the later years of her married life, rolled about like a dark cloud in the recesses of her mind, and confused and depressed her. Since her divorce she had been secretly lonely, sad, disillusioned, bleak, but at least she had felt her self-respect return, she had felt clean. Would these austere pleasures weigh against the love that Tony offered her once more, the company he would give her—and he was always such good company—the warmth and joyousness that a man and woman can bring each other?

She knew that she could love him again all too easily. Perhaps she did so already. He had been different, a little, from the old Tony, a little more serious. He said that he was altered, and she knew that he meant altered for the better.

Her thoughts went round and round, inclining first to one direction, then swinging to the other extreme, but reaching nowhere. Useless to attempt a decision. Let events decide when they came.

She heard the front-door bell ring.

When the butler announced Tony, Louise thought with thankfulness that her household was a new one, and had no idea of the relation in which the visitor stood to her. As he entered the room Louise rose to receive him. For a long moment he paused to look at her, and then he was across the room and she was in his arms.

"Louise, Louise," he kept saying, between his kisses, "Louise."

(Continued on p. xiv)

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The End of a Dream—continued

It was a curious sensation, to be passionately kissed by this man whom she had loved so much, had almost hated, and whom she was now beginning to love again. She felt half faint, but it was with happiness, and when presently she begged him to let her go it was more from lack of breath than a desire to be freed. He still held her to him and would not release her the while he whispered in her ear the plans he had already made for their life together. They were to be married at once, take a house in the country, so that they would be together more than if they lived in London.

"I see you take it all for granted," she said, looking up at him with raised eyebrows. "After all, you don't know what my answer is to be."

He laughed on a note of triumph.

"Yes, I do, my darling," he said, "and to prove it to you I am going to show you something."

He released her and went quickly to the door which he opened and so went out into the hall. She stood where he had left her, in front of the fire-place, one foot on the fender, too dazed, too happy, too bewildered to think or wonder. How long she had stood waiting she did not know when a slight noise outside the room attracted her attention. Raising her head she looked into the mirror which faced her. It reflected the door through which Tony had passed.

The door was just open enough to show the hall and anyone in it. Louise saw two figures, a man in evening dress and a woman in a black frock, and for a moment she did not recognize them. The man had caught the woman by the arm and was drawing her to him. The slight noise which had attracted Louise's notice had been made by the feigned resistance of the girl, a resistance which died away even as Louise looked up, for the man drew her quickly to him, flung an arm round her, tilted back her head, and gave her a quick, hard kiss. The next moment he had released her, given her a slight push, and the woman with a smothered laugh had vanished from the orbit of the mirror.

The figures were those of Tony and the maid, Germaine.

Louise did not move or look up as Tony came back into the room. He closed the door behind him and came slowly towards her. She did not turn as he reached her side, and he could read nothing from her downcast eyes; but a change had come over the atmosphere of the room, and Tony, creature of impulse and intuition, child of nature who would never grow up, felt it on the instant.

"This is what I went to fetch, Louise," he said soberly, and he put before her on the mantel-shelf a ring-case with the lid raised, and within the case a very beautiful square-cut emerald set on each side with a cluster of small diamonds. It was an engagement ring.

Louise raised a hand and gently pushed it back towards him.

"You won't need it for me, Tony," she said in an expressionless voice. "I'm not thinking of marrying again. But keep it. It might come in useful later on."

"Louise," Tony burst out, "what has happened? What's wrong? I adore you so. For God's sake. . . ." He met her eyes in the glass and his own wavered, went to the door reflected in it, paused there a moment, and came back to Louise.

"Yes, Tony," she nodded, "that was it. You left the door open, you know, and I suppose you just can't help yourself. But that kind of thing once in a lifetime is enough. My best friend last time, and now my maid. No thank you, my dear, I couldn't go through it all again and I don't want to. We can never go back in life, and I ought to have known it. You're not a bad sort in your own way, but you weren't meant for a husband."

"I swear to you Louise," Tony cried, "I've never seen the girl before; she is nothing to me. I never want to see her again. But I was feeling so frightfully happy, and she just passed me and happened to look up . . . oh my God, why did I do it?"

He leaned his arm on the shelf in front of him and buried his head on it in utter misery. Louise could see the way his hair grew and his shiny waves, but she no longer felt any desire to stroke it, and she knew she never would again.

"It's all for the best, Tony," she said kindly. "You know you can't—or at least you don't—help these things from happening. Let's be friends, my dear, and meet occasionally; but let's also agree that you never try to make love to me again in any kind or sort of way. I've forgiven you any harm you've ever done me, but that I should never forgive."

Tony straightened himself slowly and looked down at her despairingly. If there had been in his mind any idea of a further appeal the expression of her face warned him of its futility. With a hopeless shrug of his shoulders he turned away.

"I'd better go," he said heavily. Louise pressed the bell. She did not attempt to stop him. When the butler appeared she told him there had been a change of plan, not troubling to invent any excuse. She gave her hand to Tony wishing him farewell, the door closed behind the two men, and she was left alone.

It was the end of a dream.

Well, there were worse things than loneliness. One had one's sense of self-respect and one felt clean. And there was the flat with new chintzes and hangings to be chosen, and there was her Canaletto, and summer would soon be here.

The only trouble was, she would have to dismiss Germaine, quite the best maid she had ever had.



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WEDDINGS AND

ENGAGEMENTS



MR. AND MRS. LYNDE

Who were married on September 20 at Ludham. Mr. H. Malcolm Lynde is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Lynde, and his wife was formerly Miss Joan Caroline Boardman, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Boardman of How Hill, Ludham, near Great Yarmouth

In November.
Sometime next month has been fixed for the marriage between the Hon. Christopher Fremantle, who is the second surviving son of Lord and Lady Cottesloe of Swanbourne, Buckinghamshire, and Miss Anne Marie Huth-Jackson, the second daughter of the late Right Hon. Frederick Huth-Jackson and of Mrs. Huth-Jackson of 22, Brompton Square.

This Month.

Mr. John M. Smallwood and Miss Beatrice (Betty) Akroyd are being married on October 23 at St. Peter's, Burnham, Bucks; on the 29th Mr. Malcolm Gladstone marries Miss Betty Cambie at St. Margaret's, Westminster; and on the next day there is the marriage between Captain Gray Horton, M.C., Scots Guards, and Miss Gwen Le Bas at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks.

In Kenya.

Early in December Mr. Bulkeley Lynn Allen, the Welch Regiment, and Miss Eileen Twells are being married in Kenya.



MRS. I. McM. FORSYTH

Who was married on October 1 to Mr. Ian McMillan Forsyth, the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Forsyth of Anstruther, Fifeshire. She was formerly Miss Beryl Davies, and is the only child of Mr. Basil Davies of St. James' Court and Mrs. Davies of Elm Park Mansions, Chelsea

Recently Engaged.

Lieut.-Commander Thomas Stanley Lane Fox-Pitt, R.N. (retired), the second son of Colonel Fox-Pitt of Presaddfed, Bodedern, Anglesey, and Miss Marjory Barton, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hope-Barton of Saxby Hall, Brigg, Lincolnshire; Captain C. John Toyne, 2nd K.E.O. Gurkha Rifles (the Sirmoor Rifles), the eldest son of the Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Toyne of Hove, and Miss Nancy Wisden, the daughter of Major T. F. M. and Mrs. Wisden of Butler's Green House, Haywards

Heath; Lieutenant Charles Trusson Collett, R.N., the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Collett of Woodhill, Crowthorne, and Miss Pamela Mary Garnett, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Garnett of Woodthorpe, Crowthorne; Mr. Frederick Renad Cooper, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Renad Cooper of Guildford, Surrey, and Miss Catherine Grenville-Eves, the elder daughter of the late Mr. Ernest Grenville-Eves, Ceylon C.S., and of Mrs. Ida Grenville-Eves of Montreux, Switzerland.



MR. AND MRS. G. C. KNIGHT

Mr. G. Coldham Knight of Stricklands, Stowmarket, Suffolk, and Miss Marjorie Sybil Ellison, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Wellden Ellison of Newhouse, Cambridge, photographed after their marriage, which took place on September 15 at All Souls', Langham Place

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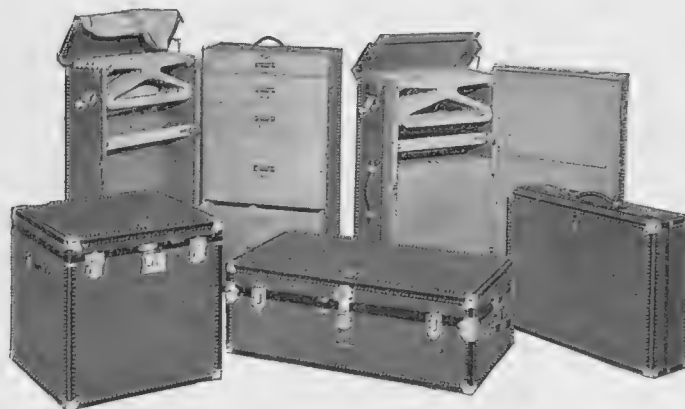
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Stuarts

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently need £12 to help an old mother and her daughter who struggle to live in a little room in North London. They are a most pathetic couple, and unless we can collect some assistance their lot will be very hard during the coming winter. The old lady is eighty-one and is stone deaf; she spends most of her time in bed, as she has chronic bronchitis. She is cared for by her middle-aged daughter, who has had little youth or pleasure and is now suffering from rheumatoid arthritis, which means that she can take only light work. Luckily the L.C.C. employs her to take blind children to school, and for this she earns 9s. weekly, but, alas! during term time only. In the holidays they have nothing but 10s. weekly, the Mother's Old Age Pension, and their rent comes to 6s. 11d. No wonder our visitor found them both pale and under-fed, lacking medicines and other necessities, while a fire needed by the invalid was quite out of the question. We earnestly plead for donations to relieve their great hardships. Please help!



MODERN JAPAN!

Miss Chicko Kiroto, the champion roller skater of all Japan, which is nowadays one of the most up-to-date countries in the world

There are very few children, and for that matter grown-ups, who have not heard of Pip, Squeak, and Wilfred, and it will interest many to know that Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., in conjunction with the "Daily Mirror" have published a Gugnunc's Birthday Book, which should prove a welcome gift at Christmas or birthday time. A proportion of the profit derived from the sale of this work will go to the Gugnunc Chailey Hospital Fund.

The Venturers Society are to present at the Strand Theatre on Sunday evening, November 2, a play new to the English stage entitled, *Karl and*

Anna, written by Leonhardi Frank and adapted by Herbert Duncombe. It was done by the New York Stage Guild last season, and has also enjoyed a long run in Berlin. It is to be produced by Henry Oscar, and in the cast will be Isobel Elsom, Angela Baddeley, Henry Caine, and John Longden. The play to follow will be *The Last Mile*, that deals very realistically with the problem of capital punishment. It has created a sensation in America, but has been banned from the English stage by the Lord Chamberlain. Then will come *The Heart is Blind*, by G. Martinez Sierra, a romantic comedy with Edna Best and Herbert Marshall in the cast. On New Year's Eve the Venturers will hold a supper dance and cabaret, at which Sophie Tucker will be hostess.



AT NORTH BERWICK: BARON JEAN DE GUNZBOURG AND LORD COCHRANE

Waiting their turn at the first tee. Lord Cochrane, who is the Earl of Dundonald's son and heir, retired as a captain in the Scots Guards after serving all through the war

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company commenced their three weeks' season at the Streatham Hill Theatre on Monday last. This will be the last time that the company will be seen in London for a very considerable period, as they will then embark on their provincial tour, visiting Newcastle, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. At the latter town a six weeks' season will be given from December 15 to January 24.

POPE & BRADLEY

THE MAN PAYS

THE House of Pope & Bradley—a vivid individual House, with a personality completely unlike that of any other business firm in the world—has always had a deep admiration for Women. Their progress during the past few decades in every activity of life has been astonishing. Modern hygiene and physical culture are making them more beautiful, more attractive, and more dangerous almost daily.

PERHAPS in the distant future we may dress them, for we ought to know how to produce tailor-made costumes that are the embodiment of grace and style—that is apparent to all who know our clothes. But, if ever we do so, it shall be in a separate building, some distance apart from those we now occupy. Our male clients shall still have sanctuary.

THE fact is that these two trades, like champagne and whisky, do not mix well.

For some reason, not entirely outside psychology, men do not like to see women buying their clothes from the same place as they do themselves. Maybe women are invading men's domains so brilliantly in other spheres, that a man likes to feel that in his tailor's at least, he will be in an atmosphere devoted exclusively to male interests.

THERE is also the economic factor, and in contradiction to the old melodramatic platitude, in modern life it is "the man who pays." So we specialise in this one production—the building of men's clothes alone. And, if we may say so with all modesty, we do that uncommonly well.

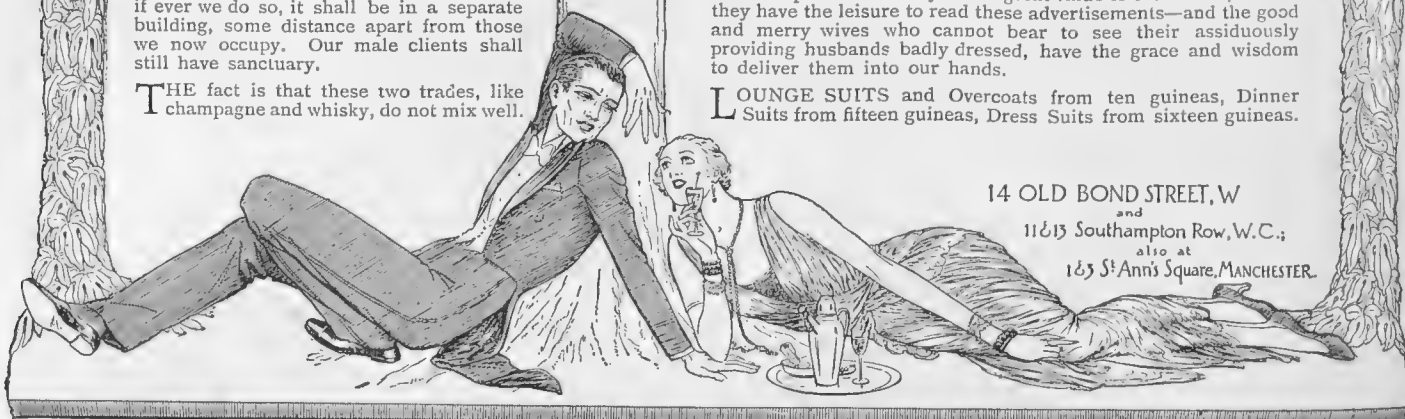
IT must not be imagined that we exclude women from our premises. On the contrary, we welcome them; they are often of value in helping a man to choose the right colour and design for his suits. We are always glad to see them when they accompany a man for his fittings; and we endeavour to entertain them as far as possible. They are of great value to the House, in that they have the leisure to read these advertisements—and the good and merry wives who cannot bear to see their assiduously providing husbands badly dressed, have the grace and wisdom to deliver them into our hands.

LOUNGE SUITS and Overcoats from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

14 OLD BOND STREET, W

and 11613 Southampton Row, W.C.;

also at 163 St Ann's Square, MANCHESTER.





where sunshine
is assured!

SEASON'S EVENTS

33

WORLD-FAMOUS CASINO.
Open all the year round. Play
from 10 a.m. till 2 a.m.

SPORTING CLUB.
Society's select Rendezvous.

THE THEATRE.
From November to Mid-January.
Comedy, Operetta, and Ballet
Season, including selection of
plays in English.

OPERA.
From Mid-January to Mid-April.
Chefs-d'œuvre of the greatest
masters with the world's fore-
most artists.

MUSIC.
An uninterrupted cycle of Classi-
cal, Modern, Symphonic Concerts
and Grand Festivals, with the
renowned Monte Carlo orchestra,
under the leadership of the cele-
brated conductor, M. Paul Paray,
and other famous orchestral
leaders. Recitals by virtuosi.

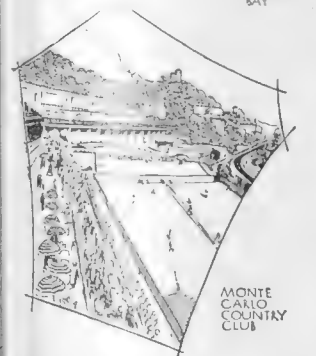
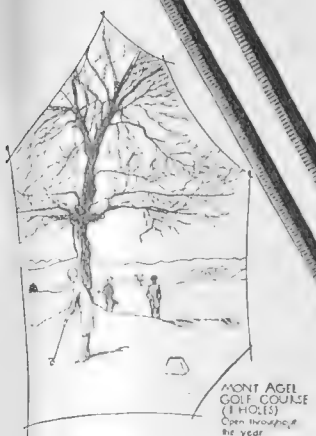
THE CINEMA.
Silent and Talkies. With all the
latest films, featuring the most
prominent artists of the day.

FETES, GALAS, BALLS.
The most gorgeous and elabor-
ate of their kind.

SPORTS.
Golf, Tennis, Bathing, Fishing,
Yachting, Excursions.

AUTOMOBILISM.
The popular trilogy which com-
prises the Rally, Elegance Com-
petition, and the Grand Prix,
or "The Race in the Town."

FENCING TOURNAMENTS.
DOG SHOW,
ART EXHIBITION, &c.



THE MONTE CARLO BEACH AND HOTEL



"I cannot praise PHOSFERINE too highly."



MISS JOAN BARRY,

at present playing in "The Barretts of
Wimpole Street," at the Queen's Theatre,
writes:

"TO play in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street'
necessitates that one should be brimming over
with good health and spirits. Immediately
I started taking Phosferine I noticed a great improve-
ment in my general health. I am now able to play
nightly performances and all matinées without any
feeling of strain. Considering the usual varied
and strenuous nature of the rôles it is wonderful to
look and feel so fresh and fit, and I cannot praise
Phosferine Tonic too highly."

*From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE
you will gain new confidence, new life, new endur-
ance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better,
and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is
given to the children with equally good results.*

PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT
the Tonic Fruit Saline—It tones as it cleanses!
Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6.

Aldwych

THIS EXPENSIVE LOOKING CAR.

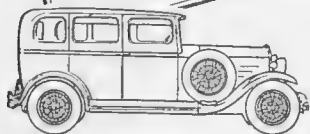


SINGER SIX
SALOON, £280

OLYMPIA STAND 86

See the Singer Range

JUNIOR 8 H.P. - from £130
TEN H.P. - - - - from £185
SIX 16 H.P. - - - - from £240
SUPER SIX 16 H.P. from £310



FROM the crowded ranks of nondescript mass-production cars, the delightful—we almost said novel—lines of the Singer Six come as a joyful surprise. Here is a car that looks *and is* different; an automobile that is invariably mistaken for something costing more than double its price. You expect value in the Singer range, and of course, get it in this model in chromium plating, unique cellulose colour schemes, four-speed gearbox, vacuum servo brakes, rear safety tank, Triplex glass, and an all-round performance as outstanding as its appearance.

The sleek, thoroughbred lines will delight you and make you intensely anxious to own one.

You can try a Singer Six at your dealer's or learn all about the latest model from our coloured illustrated catalogue which upon request will be sent by return.

Singer

SIX

SINGER AND COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY
LONDON SHOWROOMS: STRATTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

THE TWENTY-FOURTH
INTERNATIONAL
MOTOR EXHIBITION
AT OLYMPIA
October 16-25

The Show's the Thing

By JOHN PRIOLEAU



AT THE FIRST OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW, 1906

SAY what you like, there are motor shows and motor shows—by which illuminating statement I mean that they do sometimes differ from each other. Before they begin, while they are going on, and very often afterwards, we say to each other and to those who stay at home (very specially indeed to those who stay at home), "Oh, they are all the same, these shows—same old mob, same old hot air (both kinds), same old tired feet, same old noise same old cars."

But it is not always true, you know. Some motor shows have been quite definitely worse than others; some stand out in our memory as being quite perfect of their kind. About the first-named, does anybody remember that curious business at the Crystal Palace in, I think, about 1902? With other lunatics (enthusiasts we called ourselves in those golden days) I went there in, of all surprising vehicles, an electric brougham. In those golden days there were no taxis, no motor-buses, and the train journey, whether above or below ground, was a thing not likely to be undertaken. Now the Crystal Palace is situated at the top of a long and steep hill up which cars used to be painfully and reluctantly driven for demonstration purposes. Cars, mind you, not swan-like electric broughams singing what was a kind of perpetual swan song rather like a sewing-machine with clicks *obligato*. That being so, shall we just say that I had not very much time to look at the latest models for 1902—or whatever the year was—and leave it at that?

Let us go forward a year or two, a quarter of a century or so, and consider the affair of the moment. I can tell you now without beating about the bush that it is going to be one of the good ones. The people who sell cars are going to be pleased, because they are going to sell numbers of them; the people who buy them are going to be pleased, partly because they are going to pay much less than they ever dreamt of hoping to be allowed to pay six months ago, and get much more for their money, partly because they will feel that at last they have put one over on Mr. Snowden—really chiefly because they are going to get something very special in the way of safety and comfort. And when you come to argue it all out to shreds, what else do you ask for in motoring except just those two qualities?

Something special, I said, and already I hear murmurs of protest from the thousands of people like me, who have been to all the shows that ever were. They murmur that they don't want to hear the word "special" again so long as they live, because there is never anything new under the sun. I am sorry about it because the word "special" has got to stand. I have seen quite a lot of 1931 cars, and driven—not all, naturally, but I think at least one in each class, and I repeat very firmly that both the safety and the comfort you are going to buy are more pronounced than they have been yet in any issue of automobiles.

Broadly speaking, safety means good brakes, good balance, and good steering. Last year most of the decent cars had these essential qualities quite reasonably pronounced, but this year, at any rate so far as my experience goes and so far as I have read in the statements of highly respectable engineers, they are going to be a great deal more obvious. These new cars will not perhaps be noticeably faster than their immediate

A picture which may amuse, and certainly must interest, a whole lot of folk who will be crowding to Olympia this year. The cars are less like the ones of to-day than are the clothes, for in the one we have gone a long way ahead and in the other we seem to be going back—to long skirts!

predecessors, but that scarcely matters at all. Nowadays a 60-m.p.h. car is allowed to prove that it will do a mile a minute, shall we say once a week, and how often out of those fifty-two times in the year does anybody in the car really worry about it? What everybody really wants, and what everybody likes better than anything else, is what the advertisements call flashing acceleration up to 50 m.p.h. and the ability to cruise at something not very far off that figure.

In your new 1931 car you will be able to do all these things gracefully, easily, and often. You will have very much better brakes, the steering as a general rule will obey your thought as quickly as your hand, and the car will stick to the road instead of skidding across it. Besides this, comfort will also be represented by still more remarkable examples of closed coachwork made to open, and in far fewer instances, alas, the open coachwork which is made to close. There will be larger doors suitable for larger people. (I have just been shown an 11-h.p. car with a door which would excite remark on a 40-h.p. Two enormous people climbed rapidly in and out of it, with the steering-column, the brake- and gear-levers remaining where the maker put them.) There will be more windows and better windows, by which I mean that horrible fashion of high waist-line will be found in a dying condition. Windows will be built so that you can see out of them and not as ventilators in a prison cell.

With this certainty of comfort and safety you will be able to regard the Show-pieces in a calm frame of mind. There will be more Sixes than ever, and perhaps one or two more Eights. Correspondingly, I am afraid there will be a (to me) sad falling off in the number of Fours. I suppose the day is not so far off when we shall have to say good-bye to the four-cylinder engine. It will be a bitter day, because the mourning will be absolutely sincere. We shall be mourning the murder of a good thing done to death to satisfy the caprice of fashion. A dirty business.

The Show-pieces will include a six-speed gear-box of a really novel kind. This car is going to cost a great deal of money, but then so will most of other things which go by that hardy perennial name, the novelty. (There was, by the way, a six-speed car competing in the Austrian Alpine Trials in 1914. It could not climb for nuts.) There will be super-chargers of the new kind which are super-chargers you don't notice. At least one of the cars fitted with that thing is going to intrigue me very much. A good super-charger to-day really amounts to a horribly efficient carburetter. When you put your foot down a great many more horses immediately come to life under the bonnet. The super-charger we cannot hear in action has got a big future before it, and you will be able to see good examples of the right kind at this Show. There will be touring cars that can be turned into reasonable racers, racing cars that can be calmed down into exceedingly brisk tourers. Cheap cars, scores of cars which really are very cheap although they cost a little more,

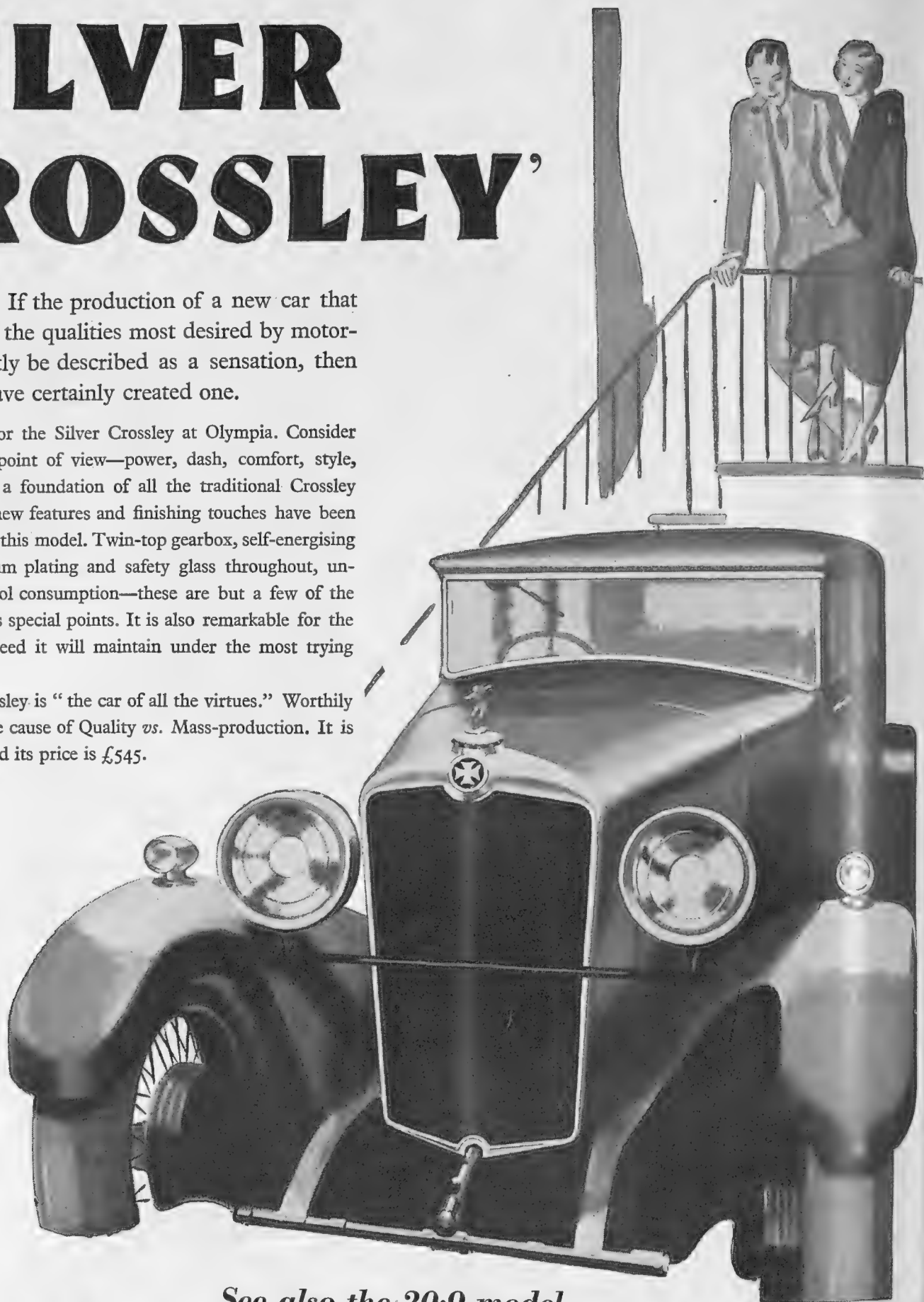
(Continued on p. 10)

'That's the car—the new SILVER CROSSLEY'

Sensational? If the production of a new car that combines all the qualities most desired by motorists can rightly be described as a sensation, then Crossley's have certainly created one.

Make straight for the Silver Crossley at Olympia. Consider it from every point of view—power, dash, comfort, style, endurance. On a foundation of all the traditional Crossley virtues certain new features and finishing touches have been introduced into this model. Twin-top gearbox, self-energising brakes, chromium plating and safety glass throughout, unusually low petrol consumption—these are but a few of the Silver Crossley's special points. It is also remarkable for the high average speed it will maintain under the most trying conditions.

The Silver Crossley is "the car of all the virtues." Worthily it champions the cause of Quality *vs.* Mass-production. It is taxed at £16, and its price is £545.



See also the 20.9 model

CROSSLEY • STAND 88 • OLYMPIA

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., MANCHESTER. *London Showrooms: 20 Conduit St., W.1. Service Depot: 50 Page St., S.W.1*

OLYMPIA. By W. G. Aston

Undoubtedly the Greatest Motor Show Ever!

Of course the protagonists in what the daily papers are pleased to call a "drama," have been stealing one another's thunder like billy-oh. So much so that when the doors of Olympia open—and it is a social event calculated to drive theatrical entrepreneurs, circus proprietors, and radio thrusters completely mad by reason of the assurance of its enormous patronage—it is highly doubtful if it will witness the raising of the curtain upon any surprise packet. There may be one or two things in this category; indeed I hope there will be, for old sake's sake—but if there are to be jacks-in-the-boxes they will probably have delayed their detonation too far.

I do not pretend to know whether it is a good thing that this should be so. Leaving our esteemed friend the car-manufacturer to look after himself—which is well within his compass—I fancy it is a good thing. I mean, this introduction of new models long before Olympia. It reduces the dramatic value of the Show, and lowers the effect of the "dramatic revelations" that the daily newspaper merchants can make, but for us motor users, car owners, car payers, car cleaners, and car polishers it is not a bad thing. It means that Olympia becomes a gigantic showroom of all that is best, without of necessity being a demonstration of all that is newest.

My nearest neighbours already drive 1931 models and therefore look down upon me, who boast but a 1929 and a "late 1930"—whatever that might mean. Of course, they will go to the Show and they will see much that will intrigue them. But they will come away from it still feeling that they are in the very van of advancement. Whereas only a few years ago they would have been despondent and incorrigibly sad from the knowledge that the thing they had bought in July was so horribly out-of-date in October.

I do believe that we ought to take our hats off to the British motor-car manufacturers who, in our interests (never mind whether it be in their own as well), have thrown off the incubus of Olympia—as a date. Curiously enough, but perhaps not curiously at all, it is the same men of push and go and enterprise who have also thrown off the incubus of the worst form of taxation that ever a purblind Government thrust upon a long-suffering people.

If there is a great break-away from the arbitrary date of the Show there is a great break-away, too, from arbitrary tax figures. Too much praise cannot be given to those enterprising firms—it would be invidious to mention them, and in any case they are easily called to mind—who with right good sense to back them up have said in effect this: "Pay another pound a quarter for registration, and have a very much better car." These are blazers of trails. For I cannot but think that the motor magnate who has seen the force of the 16-h.p. argument will in due course yield to the 25-h.p. suggestion. And directly he does so he (be he in Coventry, Birmingham, Oxford, or Manchester) will have, at long last, the ball at his feet.

This coming Olympia is a big thing. Whereas other British industries are finding themselves in no pleasant position, that which concerns itself with motor-cars—the Cinderella, if ever there was one, for it has never had any Government support—is going ahead. It is doing at least something towards the reduction of unemployment. It has had many fences to jump, and perhaps it has, on occasion, exaggerated the height of those fences, but it is manifest that it is now well across them. An Olympia Show which registered, first an entirely new degree of universality in the British car, and then a value for money that was at least 50 per cent. beyond anything we had known before, must be entered in the books as a very unusual occasion.

As to value for money. Well, my only regret is that so few motorists to-day can recall what they had in 1914. Failing that knowledge they are unable to establish a sense of proportion. Just think—if you can cast your mind back so far—what you could buy for £250 then, and put it alongside what you can buy now for the same money. Is it any exaggeration to assert that, in motor-car values, we are six times ahead of what we were sixteen years ago? I do not think so. I am not for the moment considering high-speed cars, but merely family affairs that can under the subtle influence of the holiday spirit touch sixty, keep up fifty for a few miles, and average forty or a bit over. Cars that can do that are to-day plentiful. And they

come at prices just about one-third of what was appropriate not so many years ago.

I nearly forgot to say that the man who buys a 15·7-h.p. car—a six-cylinder especially—and who has hitherto been a supporter of the 11·5-h.p. class will find, rather to his surprise, that he has made a very good investment. He has actually got a cheaper car. It may have cost him a little more to buy, but the investment when spread over many weeks will not be an important matter. What is important—and it is a thing to which I can personally testify—is that the higher-powered car will cost less to run. Sounds very wrong, but it simply is so. At any rate as far as give-and-take country is concerned.

Well, now then, what are Olympia's novelties apart from the much better "cars of commerce" such as you and I drive? The indications are—a great many more sixes. And that is a wise development. It would not be invidious to suggest that Sir William Morris has had a hand in this development, whilst to ignore American influence would be simply absurd. We have not enough sixes yet. And if we have not enough sixes we have far too few eights!

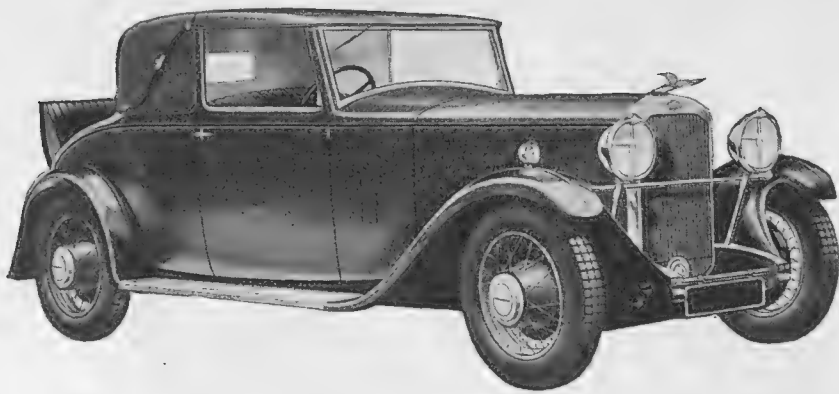
This is the preponderant type of engine in the U.S.A.—not preponderant in output, but at least in number of makes. Several transatlantic makers now come to us with eights in place of sixes. Why have we been so slow in taking up a principle that, even had it not been technically good, is commercially a jolly good thing?

Soon I should be plunged into lamentations so I will leave that subject for another. Well, then, Olympia this year sounds the death-knell of the car that is going to cost an effort in driving. Let all credit be given to our pioneers, Armstrong, and Daimler, who between them have blazed a great trail. Others have been working in the same and the right direction, but after all these were people who had something to lose, as well as to gain, by their support of a new principle, and to them therefore I give the credit.

It would be too much to say that *all* 1931 cars are fool-proof, and that 1931 gears can be played about with as though *all* 1931 gears would put up with that treatment. But surely here is more than the mere man's hand upon the horizon! The man who cannot see that all the gear-changing troubles that hitherto he has funk'd are very soon to be a thing of the past will walk round the aisles of Olympia. If he cannot see something very much better coming, and coming soon, he is woefully lacking in perception. Fluid fly-wheels are not the only solution of his problem, but at least they are one of them. Who can doubt that in the near future one will drive a car with not more than two pedals, changing gear with the tip of the finger, braking with a servo-mechanism, engaging the gear automatically with the accelerator pedal . . . one can even jack a car up without soiling the immaculate kid of one's evening gloves. But when, oh when, can we have the detachable wheel that can be changed . . . with joy?

In these days of intense traffic congestion, when we have to spurt away from a crawl, we (singularly enough) get great gaping open roads upon which "seventy" is a mere trickle. It is hard to build a car that will look after both sets of circumstances on top gear. In point of fact the Americans have found that it is almost impossible. Here is one of the places in which we have shown a worthy activity. Hence one of the great features of Olympia is the four-speed gear-box with the silent (in some cases merely so-called) third. Hence, too, that new high spot, the six-speed gear-box, and I am told that it is quite on the cards that we may see an eight-speeder.

To some this sort of development will be a knock-down blow, for it is bad enough to make changes in a two-speed outfit. But when all the trouble of gear-changing is removed, what reasonable objection can be launched against a multiplicity of gears? If they do no good, at least it can be represented that, when out of use, they do no harm. And if you can do the job by touching a finger-lever and allowing the engine to do all the work, why not have a lot of them? Personally I have a fancy that with a good, honest, six- or eight-cylinder engine, a four-speed box will give all the range anyone can reasonably want in this or any other country. But I hanker after the glories of the great, big stuff—I wish they could be



THE HUMBER SNIPE DROP-HEAD COUPÉ

mine . . . but then, if they could, I shouldn't be writing my opinions about motor-cars.

There is one thing about the 1931 cars not, as I think, appreciated half as much as it ought to be, that deserves a meed of praise. In point of safety it is far ahead of its 1930 precursor. Many, indeed most, of the new models that I have seen of late strike me as being distinctly high in the waist-line of the body. That, I am satisfied, is nothing but a concession to appearance, for in actual fact the chassis concerned are quite measurably lower to the ground, and therefore safer, more stable, easier to control at corners, and more than ever skid-proof. It would not, in my humble opinion, be too much to put 1931 cars in general a good 25 per cent. ahead of 1930's. Their C.G.'s may only have descended by a millimetre or two—but this is one of those things in which *minutiae* matter a great deal. Springing, braking, steering—all these things have been improved to an extent far better than anyone can possibly realize who merely goes to the Show and takes note of the "look" of cars. Let him lose no time in taking them on the road and seeing how they shape.

In particular I would recommend the imaginary Show visitor to glance at the wonderful array of models—we can call them the all-round general-utility family class—that come under the figure of £300. No! let us go as far as £400. If he wants more than they can offer him he is indeed hard to please. For in this important class we are not only getting very much better cars, but they are also very much cheaper.

Perhaps I may be wrong about this, but I seem to see the business of motor manufacture dividing itself into two quite sharply defined classes. In these hard times those of us who are poor seem to be more widely separated than ever from the lucky ones. I find that if a man can afford more than about £500 for a car he can generally go very easily up to the four figures.

And that, it is undeniable, is one of the tendencies of this year's Olympia. The big luxury cars are becoming even bigger and more luxurious. The low-priced cars are becoming so amazingly good that you are driven to wonder why it is that you could possibly want anything else.

A great Show—something you cannot afford to miss for so far as the economics and the delights (at low prices) of first-rate motoring are concerned, it is far and away the best thing of its kind that has ever happened.

SOME OF THE LEADING EXHIBITS

Humber.

The Humber Company, whose policy in building cars capable of meeting competition in any part of the world has evoked so much admiration, have for 1931 attained their object in two ways; firstly, by improving the quality of their excellent cars, and, secondly by lowering the prices. There are three main models, all of six cylinders. These are the 16-50-h.p., the

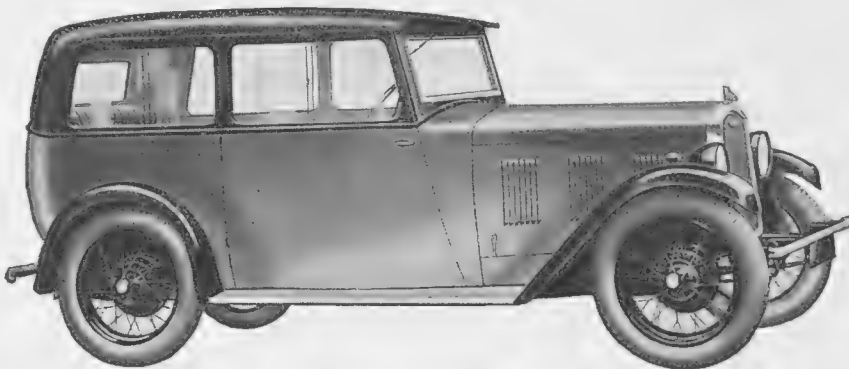
Snipe, and the Pullman. The two former may be described as having the same chassis but different engines. The two latter share similar engines, the Pullman having a wheel-base suitable for the most luxurious and roomy type of coachwork. The 16-50-h.p. saloon at £425 is really astonishing value for money, for it has ample power and speed whilst the bodywork is representative of the Humber tradition, beyond which nothing more need be said. The Snipe is one of those cars which combines definitely sporting qualities with all that can make for refinement. By the fitting of a down-draught carburetter and other similar improvements the 24-h.p. rating engine has been enhanced in power, and in favourable conditions 75 m.p.h. is within its scope. All Humber models have four-speed gear-boxes with silent-third ratios, a notable feature being that with each the change from fourth to third and vice versa can be made at all speeds.

Wolseley.

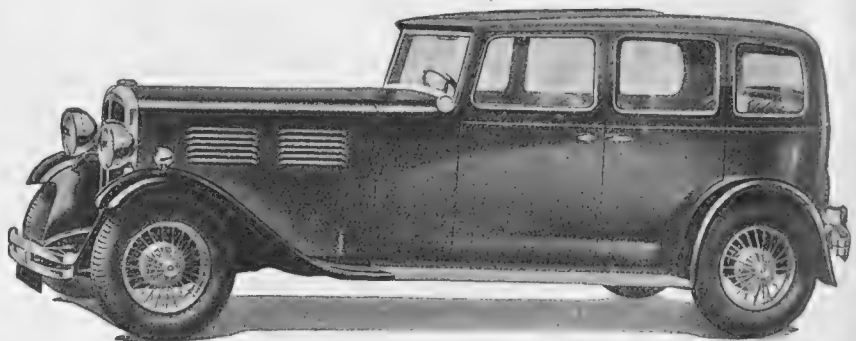
One of the most striking announcements in connection with new cars during the past few months was that of the Wolseley Viper, the entirely new conception on the part of that famous firm which is now administered by Sir William Morris. The Viper can be described as an enlarged edition of that wonderful little Six, the Wolseley Hornet. This latter is now available with a range of somewhat more commodious bodies. The Viper has a 2-litre engine equipped with overhead camshaft and overhead valves, and is therefore of the higher efficiency type. It is, however, extremely controllable, and even when fully extended its working is entirely unobtrusive. An excellent point is that the dynamo is mounted vertically so that the armature spindle acts as the driving member of the overhead camshaft. A stiff crank-shaft is mounted in numerous bearings, and the engine at all speeds runs with extraordinary steadiness, silence, and freedom from vibration. The steering-wheel is fitted with grouped controls, one of which relates to the dipping and switching head-lamps.

Standard.

The Standard Company offer three attractive types for 1931; and in point of fact these have been in production for over two months, having already earned for themselves a high reputation. The smallest of these is what is now called the Big Nine, representing an all-round improvement upon its prototype which was so deservedly popular. The car has been enhanced in appearance as well as in performance, and improvements have been made both in the chassis and in the coachwork. An interesting point is that at option this car can be had with the normal three-speed gear-box or with a twin top silent four-speeder. With this latter form of transmission a fabric saloon completely equipped in every respect comes at £245, whilst in its three-speed form a fabric saloon is available at the remarkable price of £195. Quite a new introduction which is assured of wide favour is the Light Six. This in saloon form offers ample comfort for four passengers. The car as a whole is of most attractive design and certainly no fault can be found with its looks. The chassis is laid out on normal lines, the two-litre engine forming a unit with the gear-box.



THE NEW WOLSELEY HORNET SIX-CYLINDER COACHBUILT SALOON



THE STANDARD ENSIGN SIX SALOON

ALL ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY SIXES

have the proved and successful
self-changing gear

The only automatic method of gear-changing



1931 Programme

In appearance, performance, enduring economy and ease of maintenance the new Armstrong Siddeley range surpasses in value anything previously produced.

	Ordinary Gearbox. £	Self-changing Gearbox. £
12 H.P. 2-3-Seater or 12 H.P. 4-Str. Open Tourer	250	275
12 H.P. Sunshine Saloon	270	300
12 H.P. Coachbuilt Saloon	270	300
Short 15 H.P. Open Tourer with 3-speed Self-changing Gear	New Model	£350
Short 15 H.P. 4-lt. Semi-Panelled Saloon " " "		£365
15 H.P. 5-Str. Open Tourer with 4-speed Self-changing Gear		£395
15 H.P. Coachbuilt Saloon " " "		£425
15 H.P. Semi-Panelled Weymann Saloon " " "		£425
15 H.P. Mulliner Sunshine Coupé " " "		£495
20 H.P. 5-Str. Open Tourer " " "		£485
20 H.P. Coachbuilt Saloon " " "		£525
20 H.P. Semi-Panelled Weymann Saloon " " "		£525
20 H.P. Mulliner Sunshine Coupé " " "		£595
Special 20 H.P. Enclosed Limousine or Landaulette " "		£825
30 H.P. Enclosed Limousine or Landaulette " "		£1350
30 H.P. Hooper Enclosed Limousine or Landaulette " "		£1575

TRIPLEX GLASS STANDARDISED

on all models except 12 h.p. Saloons (ordinary gear) which is £5 extra.

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT—Wire wheels on 12 h.p. (self-changing gear model only), Short 15 h.p. and Standard 15 h.p., £5 extra; on 20 h.p. model £10 extra. Sunshine sliding roof (where not standardised) £10 extra.

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW, Stand 118

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY

London: 10 Old Bond St., W.1.

Manchester: 35 King St. West

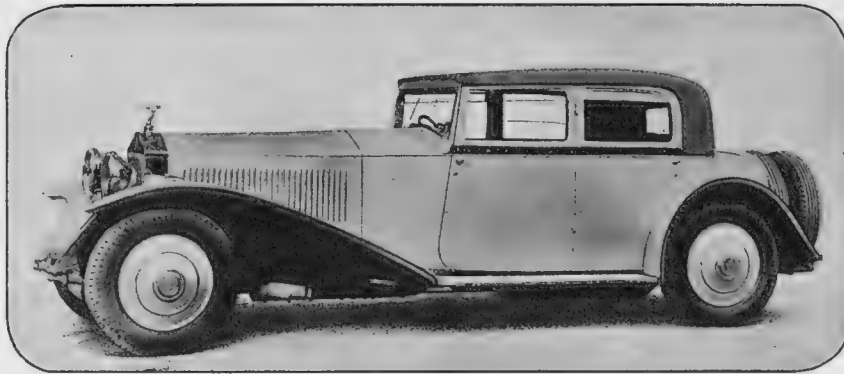
Agents in all principal towns



Buy British and keep your Countrymen Employed

Rolls-Royce.

There are few changes of note in the Rolls-Royce programme for 1931, nor were any to be anticipated in view of the manner in which the most famous of all cars in the world have been performing. The Phantom II stays as it was, not unchallenged by any means for its proud title, but in its wonderful compromise of all desirable qualities a little ahead, as ever, of the next best. The 20-25-h.p., the wheel-base of which has now been lengthened by three inches so as to provide for more commodious bodywork than was feasible heretofore, has been greatly improved during the past twelve months in spite of the fact that very little room for improvement was perceptible. Without in any way sacrificing the smoothness, quietness, or effortlessness of the power-plant, a considerably higher road performance has been attained. The maximum speed has been increased by at least 6 m.p.h. In the past one has easily got into the habit of thinking that a definitely high performance, when associated with an engine of quite moderate capacity, must involve the driver and passengers being reminded that they are being propelled by mechanical means. The latest examples of the 20-25-h.p. Rolls-Royce show that this idea is fallacious.

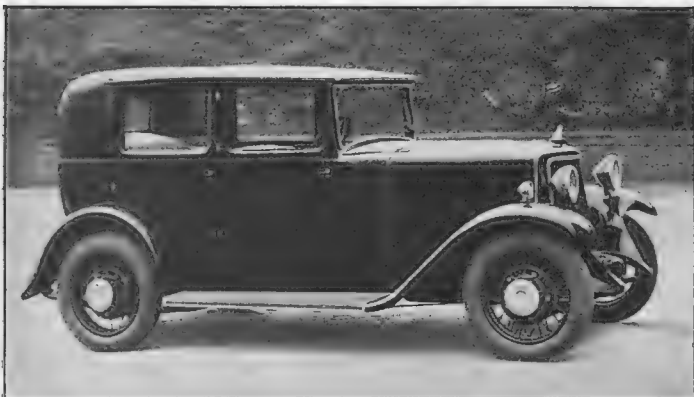


THE ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM II CONTINENTAL TOURING SALOON

Austin.

Substantial reductions in price, general improvement in appearance, and several new designs of coachwork sum up the principal innovations in the 1931 programme of the Austin Company, whose deserved success during the past year has been a matter for comment amongst all who are proud of the enterprise which, in spite of all the difficulties, British

industry can still show. It is in the body department that Austin cars show the greatest change. The famous Seven saloon has been greatly bettered in commodiousness and appearance, now having a waist-line which forms a continuation of the bonnet-line. There is much more room in the back, which now offers accommodation for two adults; a longer bonnet, a slightly sloping windscreen, and a boldly rounded rear panel are features which make for a more solid and dignified appearance. These things may possibly have led to a trifling increase in weight, but the road performance is better than ever, and the price is less than ever, for it is listed at but £130. The admirable Sixteen Light Six has undergone some small revisions in the chassis—an air-cleaner is now fitted—but the main alterations have been confined to the bodywork.



THE NEW SHORT 15-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY

Armstrong-Siddeley.

To the Armstrong-Siddeley concern belongs the credit of having pioneered that principle which more than any other makes the Olympia Show of 1930 out of the ordinary. Good indeed it is to see boldness and originality meeting with its due reward, for it cannot be denied that one of the biggest steps forward in automobile progress has been the coming of the self-changing gear. Now this time, trouble and labour-saving device is to be had in all the Armstrong-Siddeley models, namely, the 12-h.p., the new 15-h.p., the 20-h.p., and the 30-h.p. All of these are of the six-cylinder type. The finger-tip gear control is on the top of the steering-wheel—which is exactly the place that it should occupy. More than that, the gear-box is really quiet on all the indirect ratios as well as on the direct drive. On some of the Armstrong-Siddeley models you can have either three speeds or four, but in any event the gear-changing bugbear is utterly exorcized. One notes with interest that on the Special 20-h.p. and 30-h.p. models the "fluid fly-wheel" system of transmission is available. There is general agreement—certainly amongst those who have tried it—that the combination of this with the self-changing gear-box represents a big milestone along the road of automobile progress.

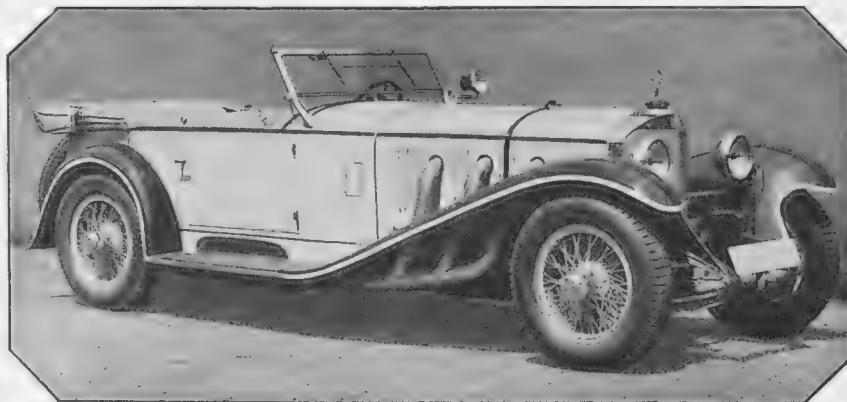


THE 16-H.P. AUSTIN FABRIC 4-LIGHT SALOON

Mercedès.

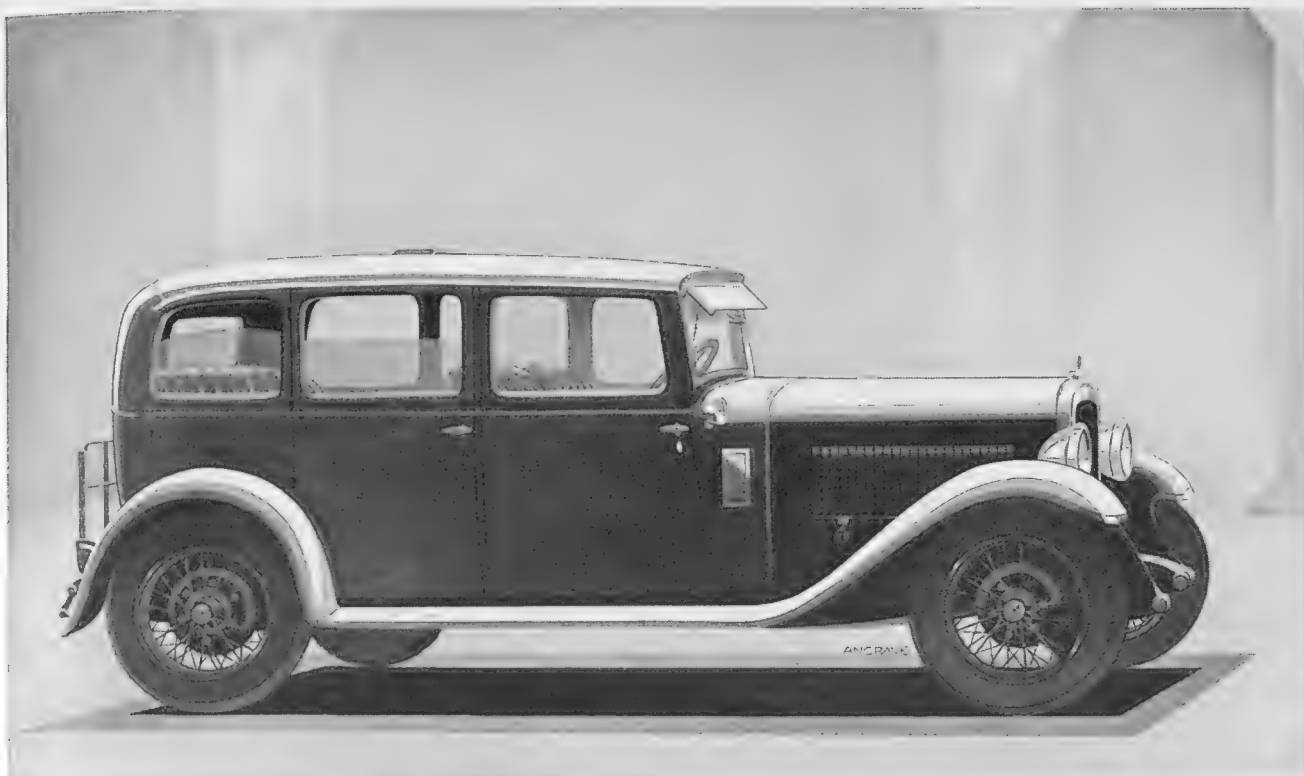
It is beyond question that one of the great centres of interest at Olympia will be the new 45-280-h.p. eight-cylinder Mercedès-Benz with its original type of six-speed gear-box. It is appropriate enough that the concern which produced the form of gear-control now almost universally used on all cars should now come forward with a scheme of marked novelty. The gear-box affords a normal top ratio, a silent geared-up top for high-speed work, and four ordinary indirect ratios, thus every variety of road-work can be perfectly met. Neither skill nor judgment is required in changing either up or down from any one gear to any other. All that the driver has to do is to pre-select the gear he wants by means of a finger-lever working over a quadrant adjacent to the steering-wheel. The change is then automatically made for him directly he momentarily releases

his foot-pressure from the accelerator-pedal. This causes the suction in the inlet pipe of the engine to operate a relay mechanism which, in turn, actuates the gear shift. It can hardly be doubted that such an innovation will exercise a big influence, for it not only makes the car simple to drive but relieves the driver of almost all muscular effort. The magnificent 45-280-h.p. Mercedès is definitely amongst the finest cars the world produces.



MERCÉDÈS-BENZ MODEL S.S. SUPER-CHARGED GRAND PRIX SPORTS CAR

A S • D E P E N D A B L E • A S • A N • A U S T I N



THE 'SIXTEEN' BURNHAM SALOON

Forty Pounds Less—Yet Greater in Beauty More Lavishly Equipped, More Thoroughly Dependable than ever.

Austin does not aim to build cheap cars. Yet the price reductions on the Austin 'Sixteen' are remarkable.

Especially is this apparent when you examine the great advances in coachwork. These are the outstanding features of the coming season's models.

Without sacrificing headroom a lower and more graceful roof line has been achieved. Windscreens are sloping. Bonnets longer, scuttles shorter. The interiors are unusually interesting—even elaborate. Rear seats are fitted with a centre folding arm-rest. Folding tables and foot-rests are neatly fitted in the back of the front seats. As previously, chromium plating, Triplex glass, Dunlop tyres are standard.

In short, the bodies—while arresting in line and beauty—are not designed for appearance alone, but for maximum comfort and riding ease.

Consider these advancements . . . consider them in conjunction with Austin's outstanding dependability. Then for cars of quality—consider the price!

Examine these cars at Olympia, Stand No. 85.



The luxuriously equipped interior. Note the tea-tables and foot-rests fitted into the backs of the front seats.

OLYMPIA STAND No. 85

PRICES OF 'SIXTEEN' MODELS

Coachbuilt Burnham Saloon-	-	-	-	£335
Salisbury Fabric Saloon (six-window)	-	-	-	£335
Beaconsfield Fabric Saloon (four-window)-	-	-	-	£335
New Open Road Tourer	-	-	-	£310
Harrow 2-Seater	-	-	-	£310

AUSTIN



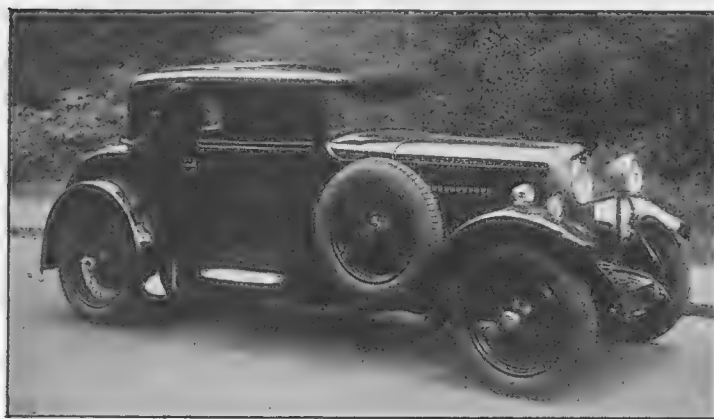
The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven : 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1.
Showrooms & Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11



THE MORRIS MAJOR SIX-CYLINDER SALONETTE

Sunbeam.

The Sunbeam Company is concentrating its energies upon three six-cylinder models, all of which have established their places and two of which have been greatly improved. These are the 16-h.p., the 20-h.p., and the 25-h.p., and the price reductions have made them more attractive than ever before. In the case of the first-named a big improvement has been obtained by the increase in the engine capacity, but this is not the only change that has been made. Hydraulic braking is now used, and in order to obtain the maximum braking effect, with a progressiveness that eliminates the risk of skidding, the drums of the front wheels are made noticeably larger than those at the



THE 20-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER SUNBEAM WITH FOUR-SEATER COUPÉ BODY, 2-LIGHT TYPE

back. Another most valuable feature is that the central chassis lubrication system has been extended so as to maintain a constant supply to the leaves of all the road springs. This is done by means of a hollow centre-pin—a clever, original, and thoroughly practical idea. The appearance of the 16-h.p. Sunbeam has been modified and enhanced by a new type of radiator with a shell much narrower than the former model.

Singer.

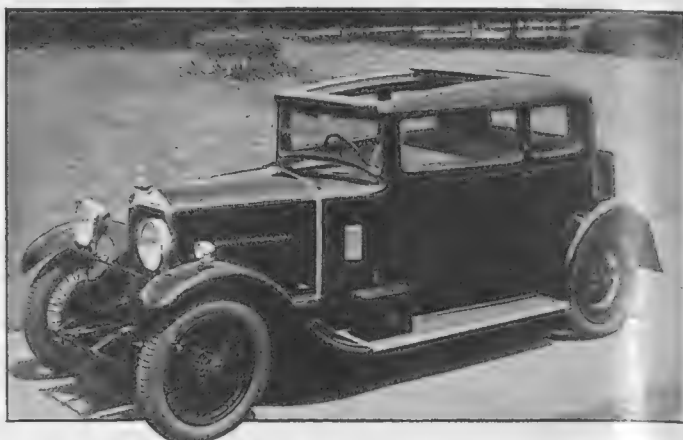
A range of models representing, each in its own sphere, most remarkable value for money, and well calculated to supply the requirements of the economy-motorist who still insists upon the highest possible quality, is now offered by the Singer concern. Amongst these a welcome return is made by the 19-h.p. Singer, a name that takes one happily back to the earliest days of the "light-car movement." In its latest phase it is certainly a most attractive car. In spite of the lowness of its engine rating it has a wonderful performance with a genuinely full-sized body. In common with all the other Singer models, the Six, the Super Six, and the Junior, it has two excellent points of design, namely, a four-speed gear-box and a fuel tank at the rear. There have been many improvements introduced into the Six—in its attractive saloon form as fine an example of value for money as has ever been put on the market. The appearance of this car has been strikingly bettered with its new radiator shape, its high waist-line body, its wire wheels, and its bumpers fore and aft. Ingenious means have been exploited for getting still more power out of what was always a sweet-running engine, and in the matter of equipment a record is achieved.

Morris.

The motorist of moderate means who cannot find what he wants in the Morris products for 1931 must be indeed difficult to please. He has the Minor, the Cowley, the Oxford, and the Isis models, now strengthened by the introduction of the six-cylinder Major, surely one of the greatest conceptions that British automobile engineering has ever materialized. In all or most of the well-established favourites slight improvements have been made, but the Major strikes an entirely new note. It has a cylinder capacity of just under two litres and is rated at 14.9 h.p. It has the air-cleaning and fume-removing system of the Morris Oxford; it also has radiator shutters and every other device that can make for efficiency. It has wire wheels, bumpers fore and aft, a 12-volt electrical installation, safety-glass throughout, chromium plating, cam steering, dipping and dimming head-lamps, grouped chassis lubrication, and everything that the most critical could think of. In saloonette form—a two-door fabric-built occasional four-seater, complete with a built-in trunk at the back—it is priced at £215. A wonderful piece of work!

Crossley.

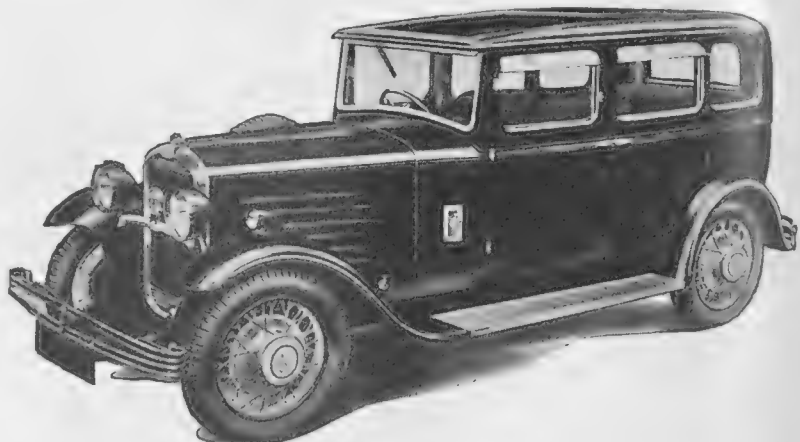
The Silver Crossley—a six-cylinder of 15.7 h.p. selling in complete saloon form at £545—was introduced a month or two ago and rapidly gained recognition as a production of unusual character. It is a big car in every sense save that which is concerned with initial and upkeep costs; certainly it is big in performance, for few vehicles of a medium rating can



THE NEW SIX-CYLINDER 15-H.P. SILVER CROSSLEY COACHBUILT SPORTSMAN'S COUPÉ

put up such a good average over give-and-take country with so little fuss. It is typical of Crossley practice in its ability to put up high speeds over rough surfaces without the least discomfort. At Olympia the Silver Crossley will be seen alongside of two other six-cylinder models, the 2-litre sports, shown in saloon form, and the 20.9-h.p. Super Six, seven-seater examples of which are owned by H.M. the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The general design is on orthodox lines. In sharp contrast comes the 23-h.p. six-wheeled limousine, which one believes to be the first thing of its kind to appear at Olympia; indeed so far as British pleasure cars are concerned it is unique.

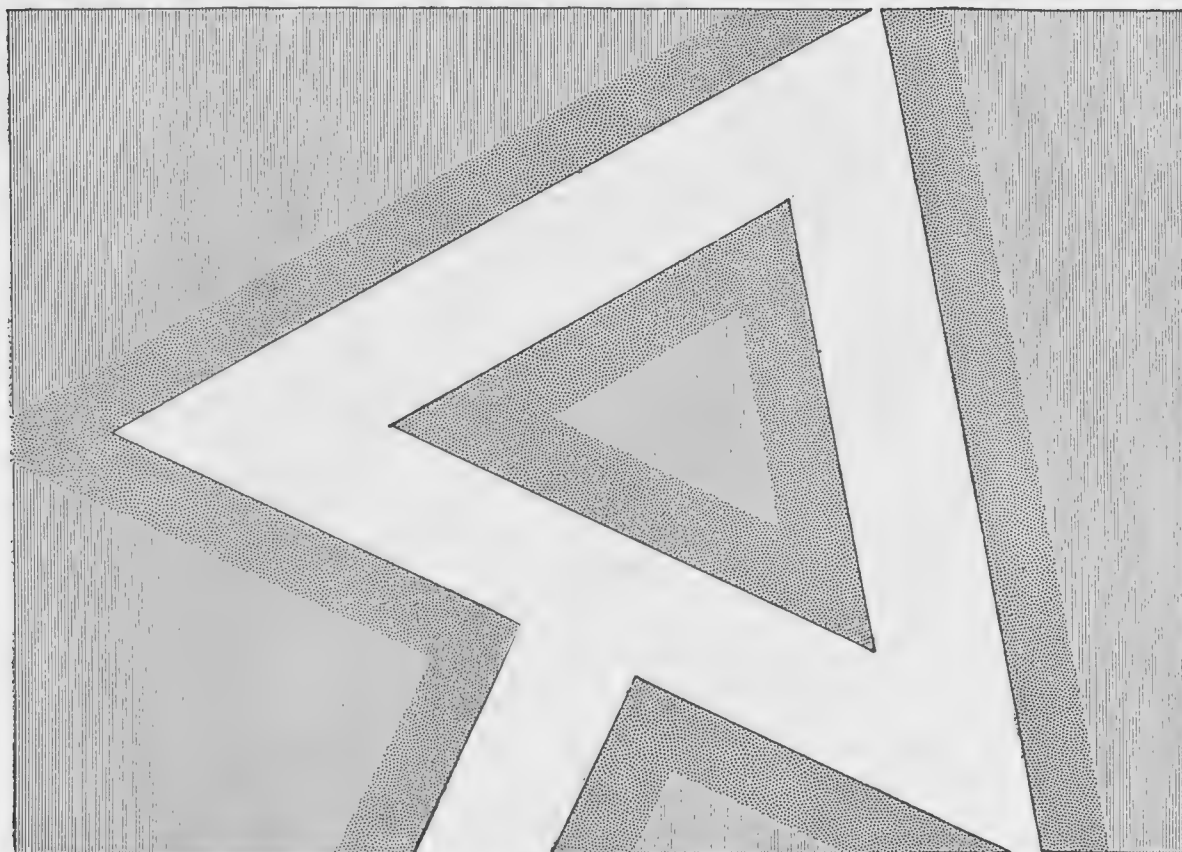
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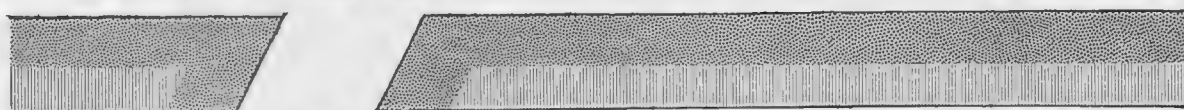
THE SINGER SIX SALOON

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

fit



TRIPLEX



AND ARE SAFE



The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1 Albemarle Street, London, W.1



The Show's the Thing—continued

and an array of extremely dear ones. And the whole lot, from radiator to back axle, are simply going to make your mouth water.

It is an enormous relief that I need not go through the delicious tortures of buying a new car for myself. I do not know whether it is unlucky to say so, but I see no probability of my having to do so for years and years. You and everybody else at the Show may come and prattle to me of these six-speed gear-boxes, of down-draught carburetters, of super-chargers, of this and of that, and I will remain deaf. For I have the car I want and have always wanted. The day I want something else will be the day the something else is entirely different from anything you can buy at Olympia this very day, hour, and minute. I ask you to overlook these transports. If you are a lover of your own car you will do so at once.

But—I am going to do something which I believe has never been done before, although I have often heard people say they were going to do it. I am actually commissioned to choose a car for somebody else, somebody else who cannot interfere at the last minute even if he wants to. Can you believe it? Is it credible that there exists any person, not under medical supervision, who is capable of such an act of insanity? There is his letter in black and white. For he lives a long way off (luckily, perhaps) and he won't be home to take delivery—beautiful phrase—till March. I have nothing to consider except the price, and that is, for these days, generous. Everything else is left entirely to me. What a time I am going to have, and what a time the courteous and indefatigable Stand people are going to have!

I want any number of things in this car, some that I should want if I were going to buy it myself and others that I want to see on my friend's car so as to find out all about them. You can call it "trying it on the dog" if you like. It is. I never had such a chance before and probably shall never get another.

To begin with, this car is going to have a real all-weather body. The top part, which keeps the rain and the wind off, will do its job efficiently, and while it is doing it it will let this lucky man see clearly all about him. When it is not doing it it will be properly tidied away. Whether it is up or down, the car will look as if it were permanently meant to be just like that. This will be quite easy to find, as you yourself will discover, but I am not sure whether I shall be able to get for my lucky friend the right sort of skylight. I have hopes, for the coach-builders have gone a long way forward in the design of the car suitable for the glorious British climate since the last time they showed their wares. My

friend will sit on pneumatic upholstery as a matter of course, horse-hair and springs being in my presumptuous opinion fitted only for historical museums. The doors of the car will open forward and—a thing I would never have hoped for last year—it will have head-room. Mark these new bodies very carefully. They look every bit as low as they did last year and the year before, but it is an illusion. When you get inside you find there is no longer the same old fifty-fifty risk of dashing your brains out against the roof every time the car goes over a bump. For this reason, amongst others, the new Show will be remembered a little longer than its fellows.

The engine will naturally have a super-charger and at least two carburetters, whether it has four, six, or eight cylinders. As he is going to take this gem to the uttermost parts of the earth, where the only meaning of the word service is either the Navy, Army, or Air Force, or the absence of all three, I shall see to it that he has dual petrol-feed—a pair of pumps for choice, rather than two vacuum-tanks—as well as dual ignition. His lamps may be dipped, or dimmed, or shaded, or made to corkscrew, or anything you please to protect the other fellow's sight, but they will be very powerful. Where he lives they suffer considerably from the dim light which gives rise to such irreligious feelings in the owners of certain types of American cars. An 18-gallon tank and a four-speed gear-box with a high-gear third will complete the mechanical necessities.

The travelling necessities. He shall, if I die for it, be able to carry something more than a sponge-bag and a tooth-brush when he drives across the veldt, bush, jungle, prairie, or whatever it is that separates him from his distant neighbours. Nor do I think I run much risk, for one of the principal things this Show is going to be remembered for is the out-break of proper luggage-equipment. Except on the very few genuine touring-cars and on one or two of the more useless and ornamental "sports" bodies, you will find trunks and trunk-carriers of such a kind as you would not have dreamed of three years ago. To begin with, they are big enough. That alone is difficult to believe. They carry suit-cases, two or three in number, in which you can pack enough clothes for at least three people to be acceptably turned-out for the best part of a week. This is too steep for you? So it was for me till I saw and handled some of them, satisfied myself that they were made to open and shut, and contained suit-cases and not engines, space and not spare wheels.

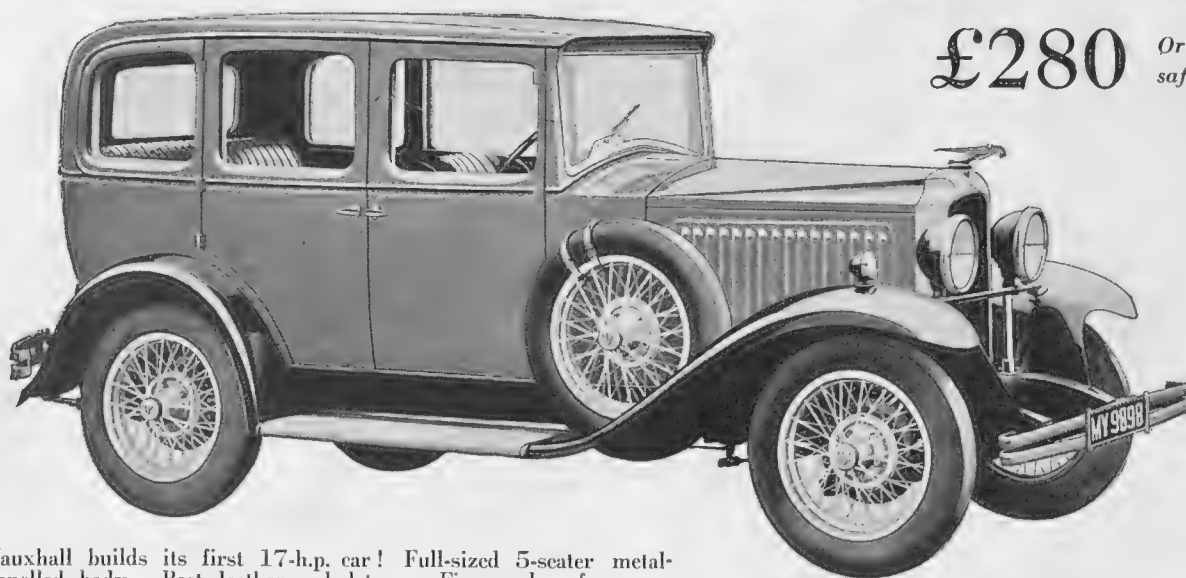
Think of those trunks, you lucky folk who are already badgering the R.A.C. touring department about your triptyches to Rome, Seville, Munich, and Monte Carlo, which you mean to take the instant the new car is

(Continued on p. 12)

The New 17-h.p. 6-cylinder



VAUXHALL "CADET"



£280 Or with sliding roof and safety glass ... £298

Vauxhall builds its first 17-h.p. car! Full-sized 5-seater metal-pannelled body. Best leather upholstery. Fine road performance. On view at all principal Vauxhall dealers, or full particulars can be obtained from General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W. 9. London Showrooms, 174-182, Gt. Portland Street, W. 1.

This is an additional car to the famous Vauxhall 20-60—now 24-h.p.—which will be known as the Vauxhall "Eighty."



BUILT IN THE TRUE
VAUXHALL TRADITION

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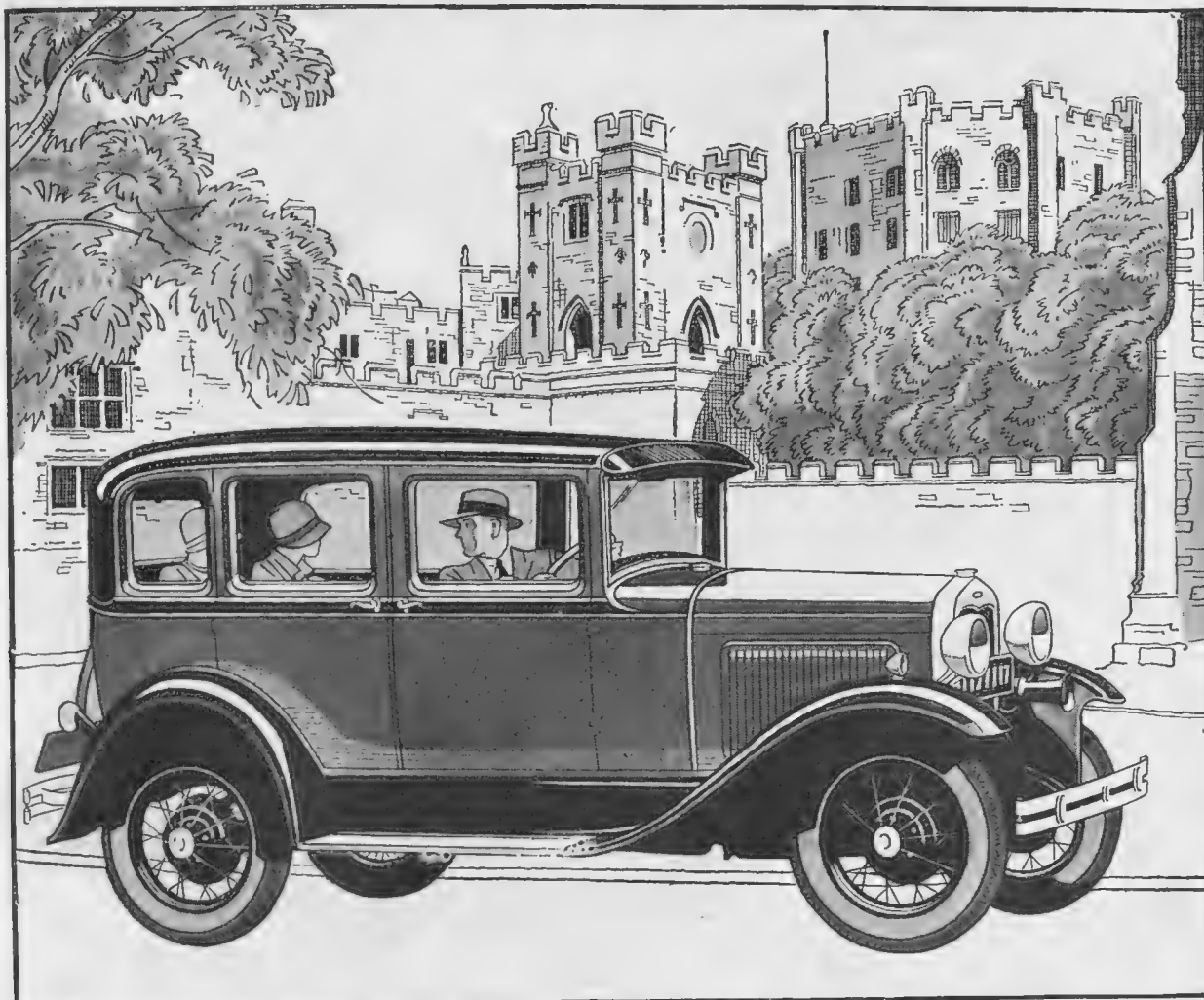
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A New Ford Car is within your reach



New Ford Fordor Saloon (3 window).

Durham Castle and University in background.

THOUSANDS of people are rearranging their expenditures so as to provide for the purchase of a new Ford car. It is astonishing how easily this can be done when it is set about in earnest. It is still more astonishing how much added health and pleasure the new Ford brings to all of the family, also how much business help it gives the owner.

Touring, business, week-ends, shopping, golf, parties, theatres, visiting—those are some of the many things Ford owners use their cars for, as a special enquiry reveals.

What opportunities for recreation a new Ford brings. Out in the sunshine, away to the seashore, up to the bracing air among the hills, on to all the treasured spots and

friends—a new Ford car brings so much more to living.

It is by its more prosaic uses—daily shopping, business calls and interviews, innumerable business trips—that the Ford so often pays for itself and really provides all the other advantages free. The

enquiry shows that the great majority of Ford owners keep their cars busy Winter and Summer.

There is a place in your expenditures for a new Ford. Only £50 down secures delivery, all charges included. Special Ford insurance is low. Upkeep is surprisingly low. The new Ford is carefully built to last for years. Discuss a new car with your nearest Ford dealer and test all its enjoyable points in a trial run.

Features

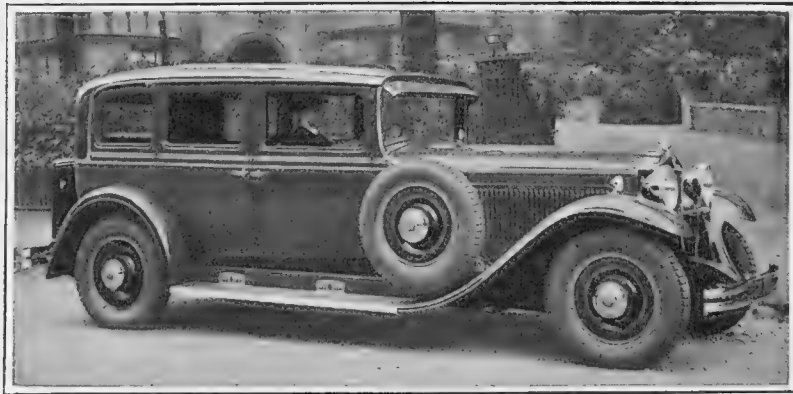
Hydraulic shock absorbers on all four wheels. Powerful enclosed brakes on all four wheels— independent handbrake. Strong steel bumpers, front and rear. Unsplinterable glass windscreen. Durable pyroxylin finish— choice of pleasing colours. Rustless steel bright parts— lustre everlasting. Comfort.... safety.... speed.... performance.... long life.... economy.

LINCOLN



Fordson

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, London and Manchester



THE 22-28-H.P. EIGHT-CYLINDER MINERVA LIMOUSINE

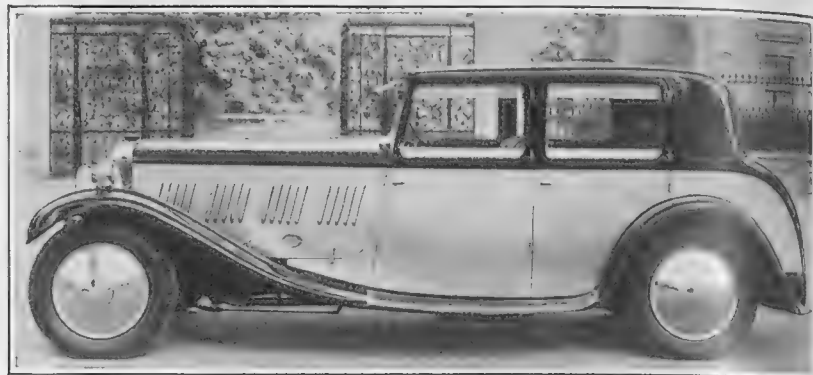
Minerva.

It is evident that fresh lustre is to be shed upon a famous name by the introduction of a new model of the Straight-Eight type. This is known as the 22-28-h.p., the capacity being a fraction under 4 litres. It is of course a sleeve-valve engine, and it hardly needs to be added that it is a splendid example of clean, neat, robust design. Features of note are the employment of an oil-cooling radiator, which however can be cut out of action when not required, a silent-third four-speed gear-box, Dewandre vacuum-servo brakes, a hand-applied transmission-brake, grouped lighting controls, and cam-and-lever type steering.

The 6-light four-door limousine, with two spare wheels and built-in luggage and tool-trunks at the rear, is offered complete at £950, a figure that must definitely be regarded as low for a genuine luxury car of first-class performance. This new Straight Eight supplements the Minerva programme; for both of the other well-known models are being retained, namely, the 32-34-h.p. six-cylinder and the 40-h.p. eight-cylinder. The chassis price of the last is £1,350, and with a Vanden Plas limousine or landaulet it is offered at £2,000. A limousine de ville with carriage-work by the same makers—an extremely handsome and beautifully equipped vehicle—is catalogued at £2,150.

Arthur Mulliner.

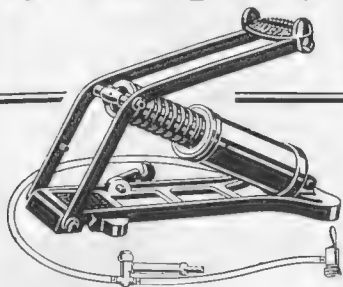
This firm can be always relied upon to exhibit something very *recherché* in coach-work, and there is certainly none whose reputation stands higher in the design and construction (and not least the decoration) of bodies of all types. At this Olympia they exhibit on a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis a very impressive four-door enclosed limousine with accommodation for seven passengers in all. Internally this creation is beautifully arranged and is replete with every fitting that luxury can suggest. Externally the lines are harmonious and the colour-scheme of blue and black very attractive. Then on a 20-30-h.p. Daimler chassis Messrs. Arthur Mulliner have mounted a four-door four-seater saloon of admirable proportions and equipped with a Pytchley Sunshine roof. This, too, has a blue colour scheme. The third example, which is well calculated to catch the eye of the sporting motorist who is satisfied with nothing short of the best, is a four-door five-seater sports saloon on a 21-h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester chassis. This is finished in black and gold, and it would certainly not be easy to find in the Show a more intriguing specimen of the coach-builder's art. For notwithstanding its dominating outlines, which suggest speed in themselves, the arrangement of the accommodation is extraordinarily good. For long, fast journeys this car should be ideal.



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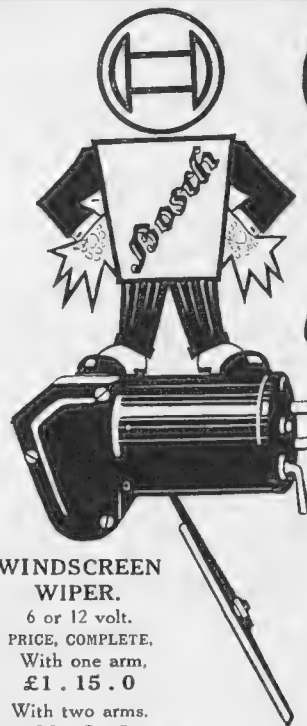
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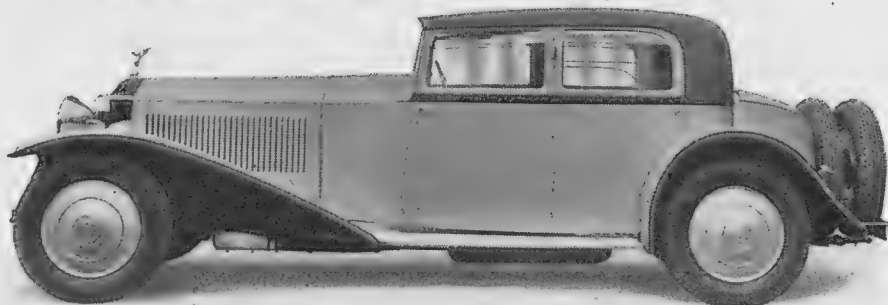
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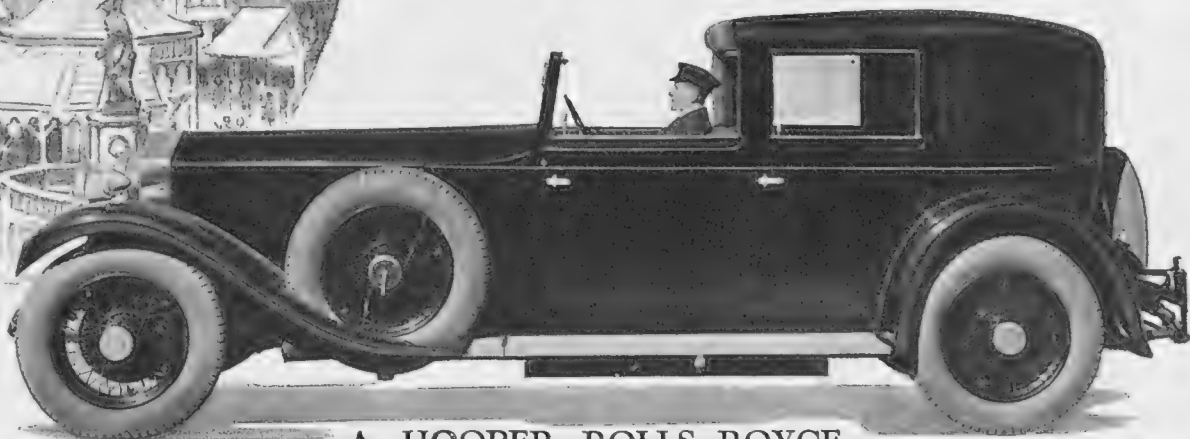
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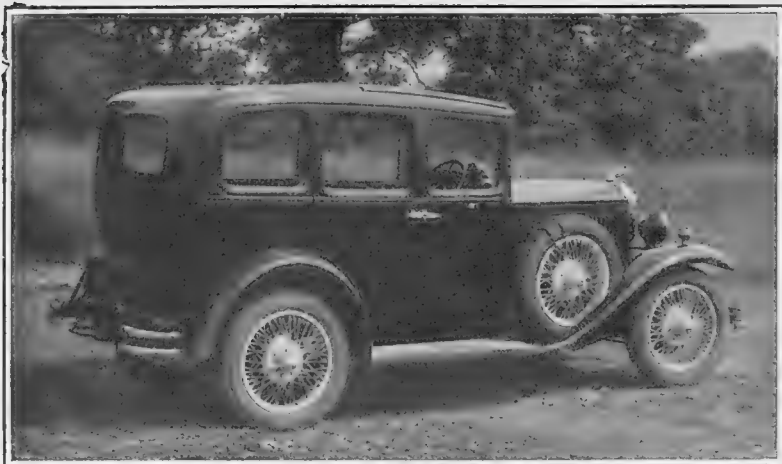
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A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE



THE VAUXHALL CADET

The standard saloon of this new model is priced at £280. With sliding roof and safety-glass as shown in the photograph it costs £298

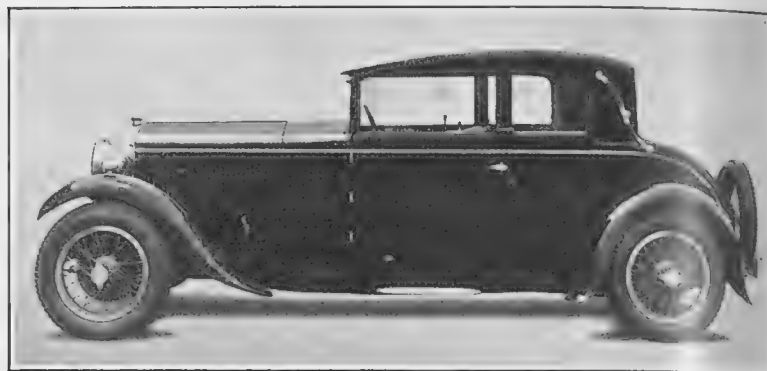
Vauxhall.

Considerable developments are to be found in the new Vauxhall programme. In the first place, that well-established favourite the 20-60-h.p. six-cylinder has been renamed the Eighty in consequence of its power-plant having been substantially enlarged, the actual power being nearly 30 per cent. higher. The effect of this is reflected not only in the higher maximum speed but in the very much swifter acceleration and hill-climbing capacity. The more sensational Vauxhall effort is, however, the production of an entirely new car which has been the subject of widespread interest. Rated at 17 h.p., the Vauxhall Cadet, as it is called, introduces into the modest-priced class a standard of comfort and all-round road performance that is unexceptionable. Its power enables it to do almost everything on top, and on the open road it shows a splendid turn of speed, an honest 60 m.p.h. against the clock being well within its compass. It has been designed and produced with an eye to filling the requirements of overseas buyers of British cars, for which purpose the export model will be fitted with a still larger engine. On this car a trial quickly shows that three important points have been most closely studied, namely, light and positive steering,

unusually good braking, and suspension systems that are equal to every possible variety of road condition. The car, indeed, runs as well as it looks, which is saying a lot, for the Cadet is characteristically a Vauxhall.

Alfa-Romeo.

Lovers of the sporting car in its highest expression will naturally gravitate to the Alfa-Romeo stand at Olympia in order to inspect and admire what may be called the distillation of many years of intensive racing experience. The three types of chassis offered have engines of the same dimensions, namely 1½ litres in capacity, but a hint of their different performances is given by their denominations, 17-75 h.p., 17-85 h.p., and 17-95 h.p., the last-named being super-charged. It is a commonplace that all of them are of a distinctly special kind, and it is doubtful whether there is another make of car in existence which is so the expression of specialization. They do not pretend to be low-priced, but the list of successes in big International events that the Alfa-Romeo marque can show is ample proof of their exceptional quality. Of changes in the chassis since last year there are none, and so high a standard has been attained that the present series is being continued indefinitely. The exhibits at Olympia will comprise a polished chassis, a 17-75-h.p. Weymann saloon, a 17-85-h.p. occasional four coupé by Young of Bromley, a 17-85-h.p. open four-seater sports by the same maker, and a 17-95-h.p. (super-charged) with a foursome coupé, also by Young.



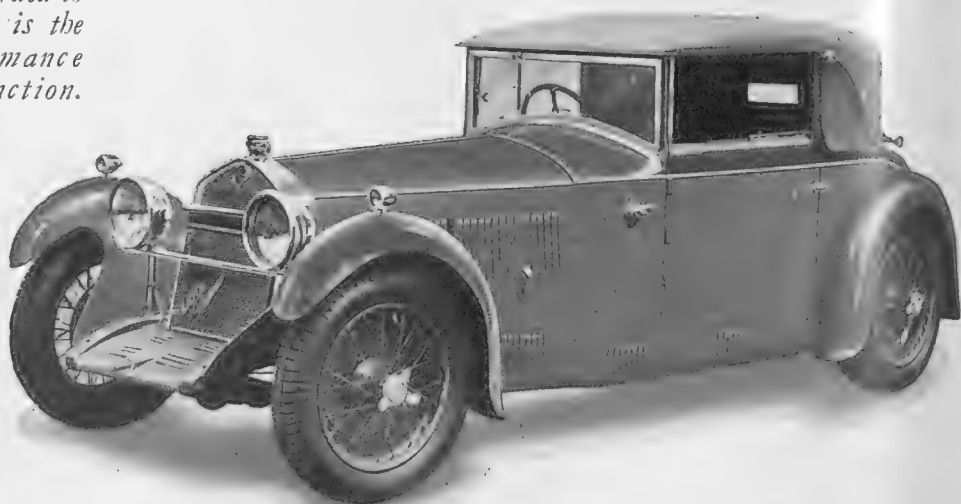
AN ALFA-ROMEO 17/75 2-LITRE SIX-CYLINDER OCCASIONAL FOUR THREE-QUARTER COUPÉ

OLYMPIA STAND

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With
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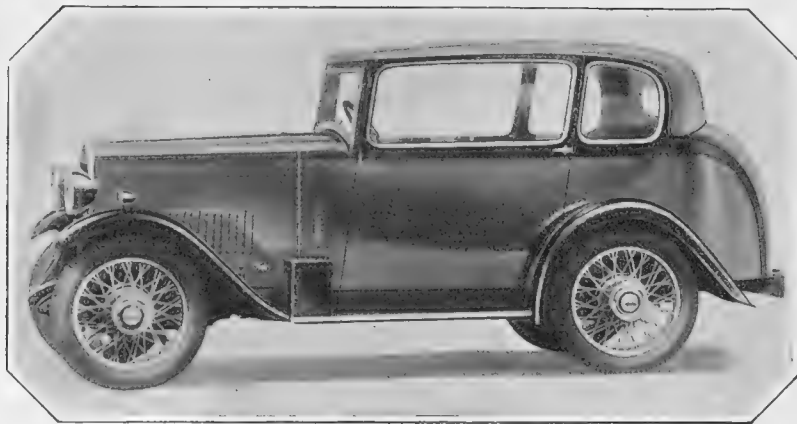
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THE TRIUMPH SCORPION SIX-CYLINDER COACHBUILT SALOON

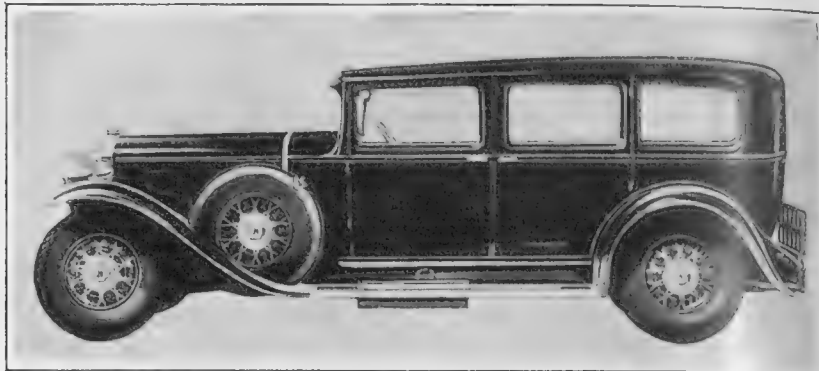
Triumph.

One of the most noteworthy of recent British productions in the lighter class of family car is the Triumph Scorpion, a fit sister to the four-cylinder runabout that has made such an excellent reputation for itself. It is a six-cylinder of 12 h.p., and it is a very striking illustration of how luxury can be combined with economy. It has a maximum speed of about 60 m.p.h. and will do about 35 miles per gallon. Although the car has but a short wheel-base, its body—a sliding-roof two-door saloon—has been so cleverly designed that it offers adequate accommodation for four full-sized persons, and there is no pinching in either leg, shoulder, or head-room. Moreover the tallest driver can get in and out with ease. In general lay-out the Scorpion follows conventional chassis practice and is on the lines of the well-tried Super Seven. To examine the details is unfaillingly to appreciate the quality of conscientiousness which has been devoted to the design. It boasts pump-water circulation with automatic radiator shutters, Lockheed hydraulic braking, transmission hand-brake, finger-tip lighting and lamp controls, shock-absorbers all round, big-hub wire-wheels, and a worm-driven rear axle. A feature of the coachbuilt body is the unusual width of the doors and of the lights above them, the visibility being quite beyond criticism. In spite of the short wheel-base, there is very little overhang, and that which exists is principally due to the fitting of a well-moulded luggage boot.

Buick.

The outstanding feature of Buick development for the forthcoming season is the adoption in both main types of car (these being subdivided into four models) of the eight-cylinder principle of engine construction. It hardly needs to be said that these power plants are very fine examples of the very latest and most progressive technique. The lay-out of the chassis follows, in general, the well-known Buick principles, but there are many points of interest. For example, there is an oil radiator which not only cools the lubricant but also warms it up as rapidly as possible when a start is made from cold, thereby ensuring that it gets in full quantity to its destination. Then there is a simple and efficient means of filtering the oil in circulation so that all impurities are removed with certainty.

Another thing is the provision of a method of crank-chamber ventilation which also eliminates the possibility of any fumes from the engine making their way into the interior of the car. The pump system of fuel supply is adopted. In the larger models of the Buick, known as the Standard and the Master, there is even an addition to these refinements, for the gear-box contains the synchro-mesh device, the value of which has been so well proved in the Cadillac cars. This furnishes an absolutely silent and fool-proof gear-change, in which no skill or judgment is demanded. The general appearance of the Buicks is unchanged, and a fine range of bodywork is available.



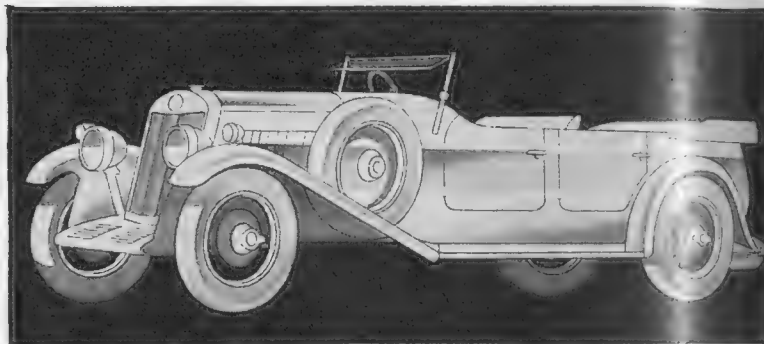
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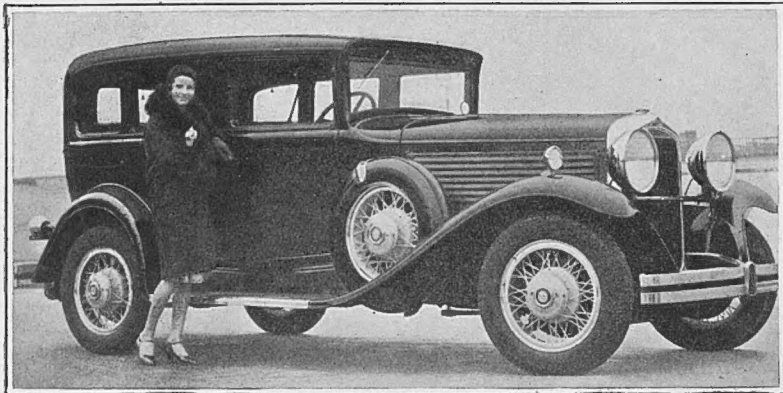
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THE MARMON 79 SEDAN

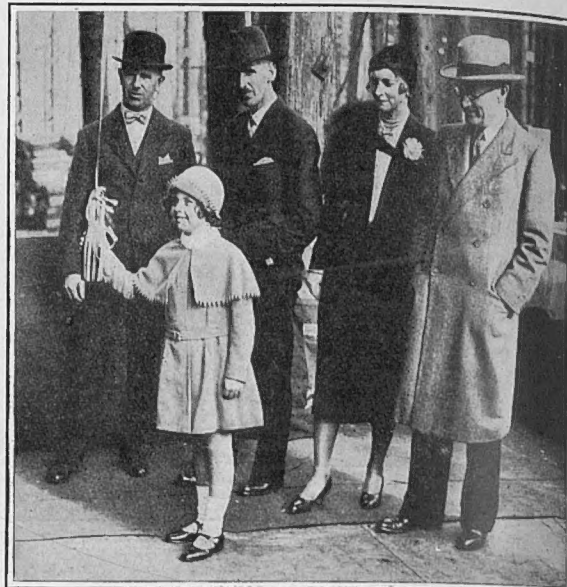
Marmon.

Nothing but Straight Eights will be found upon the Marmon Stand at Olympia, and this is appropriate enough, for it is safe to say that there is no make which has done more to popularize this admirable type of power plant. There are actually four different Marmon models, ranging in price from the Model R saloon at £395 complete to the Big Eight at £995. The two larger models are equipped with silent-third ratios, on which a speed of approximately 70 m.p.h. is attainable. All of these chassis respond to the same general description, some points of which are as follow: Special form of combustion chamber, duplex down-draught manifold system, thermostatically controlled cooling system, vibration damper, semi-elliptic springs set in rubber shackles, grouped controls, Bendix duo-servo braking, etc. An examination of the representative Marmon complete car shows that in every detail, both of the mechanism and of the standard bodywork, the requirements of the owner-driver have been well kept in view. It would be hard to find any car in which simplicity and ease of up-keep have been so well thought out.

Hotchkiss.

Amongst the cars which come to us from the Continent there are many which from time to time have varied very pronouncedly in their vogue; but there is at least one which has consistently retained its hold over the British motoring public, as indeed it has done in France, its country of origin. No better example of the fully-developed medium-powered car could be imagined, and having regard to its quality it is

distinctly low in price. Moreover it comes in a price-class and also in a power-class that are by no means overcrowded. Although the 1931 model is much the same in general lay-out as its prototype, it has been greatly improved by the fitting of a silent-third four-speed gear-box of exclusive design, with a ratio well chosen for both traffic work and rapid acceleration. Although the six-cylinder engine is quite modest in rating, and runs at all speeds with admirable smoothness, it has very pronounced speed capabilities—indeed the Hotchkiss is to be described as an unusually fast car, 80 m.p.h. being within its range. The Monaco coach-built saloon, a handsome ensemble, is catalogued at £550, whilst the Longchamps Weymann saloon is £575.



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This vessel, an oil-tanker of 6,500 tons dead-weight capacity, is the latest addition to the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's fleet, and is a sister ship of the S.S. "British Fortune," which was christened about seven weeks previously by Mrs. Thomas, wife of the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, and which carried out its trials successfully on the Clyde recently. The "British Venture" received her baptism from little Joan Fraser, the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. William Fraser, Deputy-Chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Ltd. The others in the group, left to right, are: Mr. John Muirhead (Messrs. Lithgows), Mr. William Fraser, Mrs. Fraser, and Sir Basil Kemball-Cook (Managing Director for the ship's owners)



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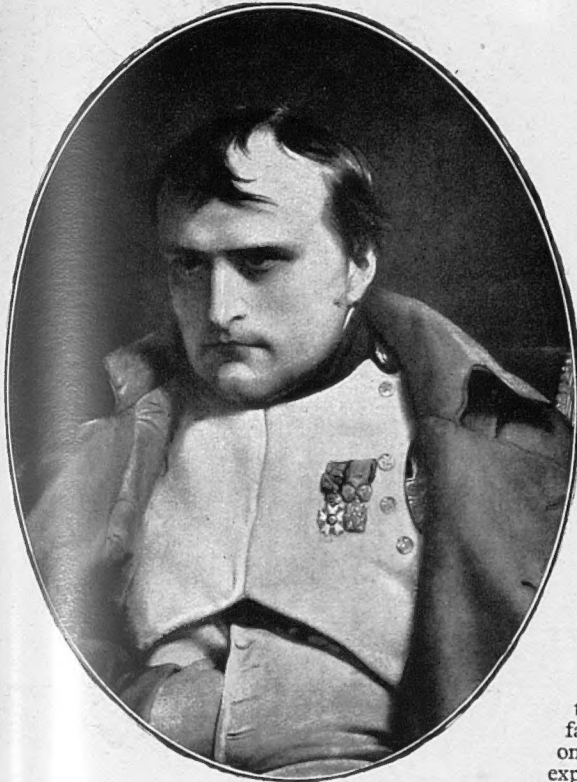
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A beautiful story of Napoleon



Napoleon Bonaparte. From the painting by Delaroche now hanging in Buckingham Palace.

“Wild packing, hurried departure, followed on the part of the Dohna family. When Napoleon arrived he found an empty house. Only an old servant had remained in charge, who showed the French through the Schloss: beautiful reception rooms, furnished with the most exquisite taste of the period. Finckenstein has remained practically as it was then to this day. It was a change after the miserable quarters Osterode could offer the Emperor. Napoleon was delighted with Finckenstein.

* * * *

EVENING had set in on one of the last days of April. The pink line of the horizon glowed faintly; the clear spring sky was of a deep blue tint. In one of the three rooms that formed Napoleon's private suite, the master of Europe was standing with his back to the great china stove that occupied a whole corner of the room. His hands were clasped behind him, in the characteristic attitude. He enjoyed the warmth. Napoleon was dictating to an officer bending over a writing table overflowing with papers and charts. The quill pen could scarcely follow the imperious flow of words that fell from the Emperor's lips.

The hour was late. Napoleon suddenly glanced at the clock and gave the sign of dismissal. The tired secretary heaved an inward sigh of relief as he backed out of the presence.

Napoleon went up to the window, scanned the sky, “She has a fine night for her journey,” he thought. He pulled the bell. Constant, his faithful valet, appeared. Napoleon inquired once again if everything was in readiness for the expected guest, if the lights were lit on the little private staircase leading from his dressing-room to the garden. She would come that way.

Constant assured him that everything was in order. Still the Emperor thought he would make sure. Crossing his bedroom, the centre of which was occupied by an imposing canopied bed, hung with red damask, Napoleon passed through his dressing-room. Here he opened a door and entered a room cosily and prettily furnished. At his orders most of Countess Dohna's personal furniture had been moved into it. Books, vases with sweet-scented flowers, stood on the tables. Constant had done his work well. Napoleon approvingly pinched his ear and returned to his study, to pace up and down in his impatient vigil.

Meanwhile a heavy carriage of the kind so inappropriately called a *dormeuse* was jolting and bumping over the ruts of the sodden spring roads. It had two occupants, a man and woman whose likeness proclaimed them brother and sister. The woman was young, slight, with a wealth of golden hair dressed in the approved Grecian fashion; insignificant features, redeemed by wonderful dreamy blue eyes. . . .”

The story of Marie Colonna Walewska, the Polish Countess who loved Napoleon for love and love alone.

By
The Baroness Buxhoeveden

Marie Colonna Walewska.
From the miniature by
Robert Lefebvre.



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Priced at 30/-



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*Charming Crêpe-de-chine evening shoe
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various other Reptile skins.*
Priced at 35/-



The accompanying and other fine examples of inexpensive dainty footwear are to be obtained at the Dolcis Shoe Salons in Piccadilly Circus, New Bond Street, Oxford Street, Shaftesbury Avenue and numerous other branches throughout London and the large cities in the provinces, including Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, etc

DOLCIS

Style No. 8411—*Dainty Grecian court shoe in Moiré
also Crêpe and Satin in all fashionable colours.*
Priced at 21/-

*Smart buckles or vamp trimmings for all evening
shoes is the vogue.*

